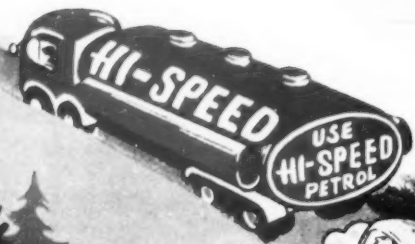


PUNCH, OCTOBER 20 1954

6d

Punch

October 20 1954



TO THE
MOTOR
SHOW ↑

No. 5953

VOL. CCXXVII

- Brockbank

1955 Car Design demands 1955 Braking

ON STAND AFTER STAND in this year's Show, new car designs tell the same story. Higher engine power and speed; all-enveloping bodies and improved stream-lining.

Think what work this must throw on brake linings. It means:—

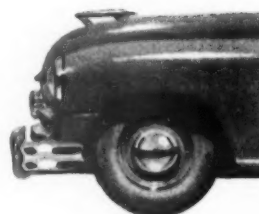
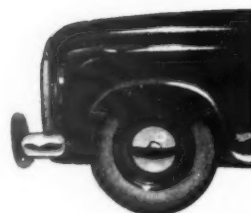
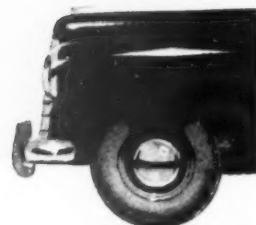
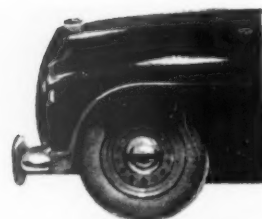
- 1 *Less and less help for brakes from wind resistance.*
- 2 *Less and less cool air reaching brake-drums.*
- 3 *Faster and faster speeds for brakes to check.*
- 4 *Higher and higher temperatures for linings.*
- 5 *More and more risk of disastrous brake-fade.*

Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings are the motorist's safeguard. It is their incomparable characteristic to take all the punishment that hard driving and hard braking can hand out and still not fail at their job. This is proved 'lap and lap again' by ruthless Grand Prix drivers.

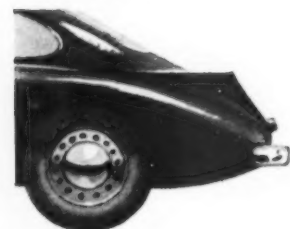
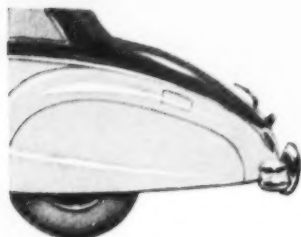
Expert and frequent brake-checking is another precaution, now more essential than ever, to ensure braking efficiency and long life for linings. Regular testing (every 2,500 miles) may save life . . . MUST save money.


FERODO

ANTI-FADE Brake Linings
are standard on most
Earls Court models



Visit
Stand No. 300
Earls Court Oct. 20-30th.





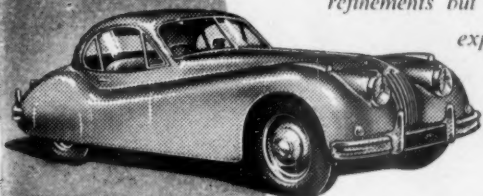
The JAGUAR *Range of Models for 1955*

The famous 3½-litre
'D' TYPE JAGUAR
with disc brakes, now joins
the Jaguar range.



THE MARK VII 3½-LITRE
SALOON (Type 'M')

In the 1955 range of models Jaguar present not only added refinements but mechanical advances directly derived from unrivalled international experience in racing, record-breaking and endurance tests.



XK 140 FIXED-HEAD
2-3 SEATER

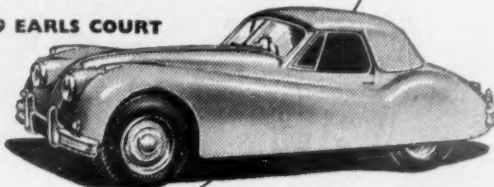
The elegant lines of the Mark VII remain unchanged but the famous XK engine now with high-lift cams has power output raised to 190 b.h.p. Increased diameter torsion bars give even greater riding comfort. New close-ratio gears increase performance in indirect ranges. New 'wrap-around' bumpers afford extra protection. Flasher type indicators, individually adjustable fog lamps and rear lights incorporating reflectors are among new features.



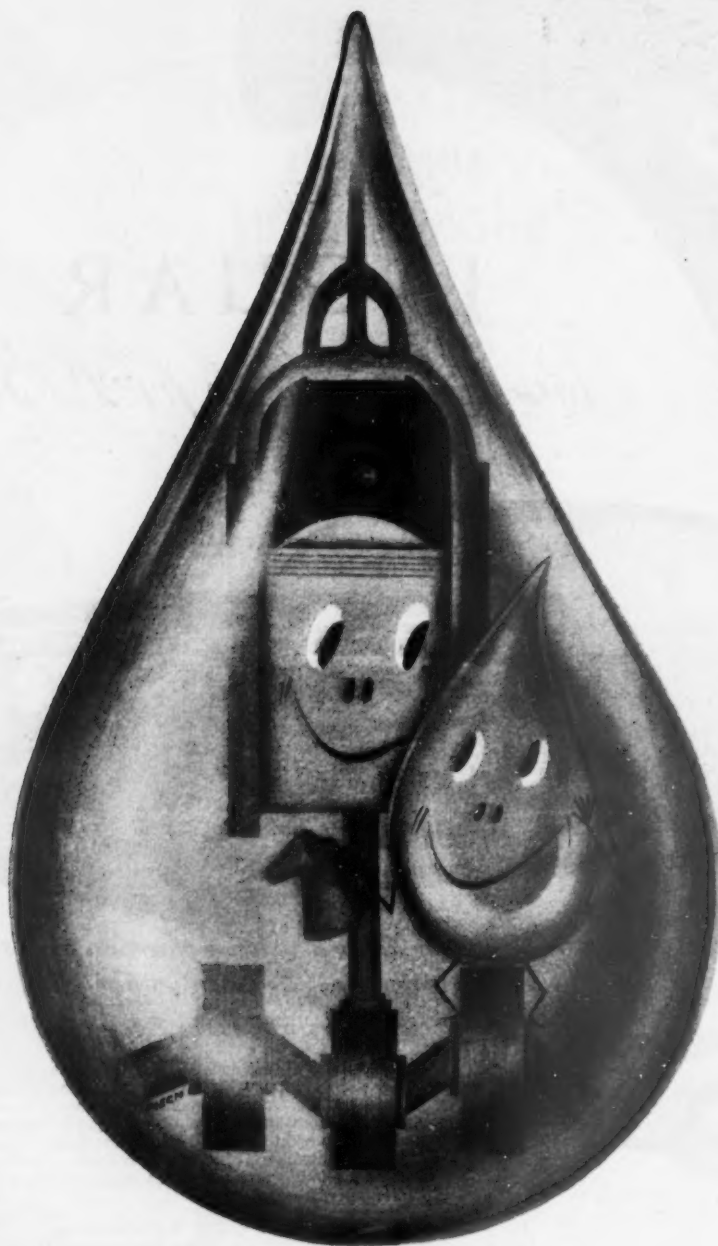
XK 140 OPEN 2-SEATER

Sports models for 1955 include the famous Jaguar "D" type with disc brakes and dry sump lubrication. The XK 140 Fixed-Head close coupled 2-3 seater, the XK 140 Drop-Head 2-seater and the XK 140 Open 2-seater are powered by the XK 3½-litre engine now with high-lift cams—developing 190 b.h.p. (Special equipment models are fitted with "C" type engines, wire wheels and fog lamps). New features include:—Rack and pinion steering; close ratio gears for higher performance in indirect ranges; robust 'wrap-round' bumpers; re-designed radiator grille, etc.

STAND 129 EARLS COURT



XK 140 DROP-HEAD 2-SEATER COUPE
(with 2 additional seats for children)



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the SUPER oil

A PRODUCT OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED, WHOSE SYMBOL IS THE BP SHIELD



Which ROVER fits *your* needs?

Chassis, coachwork and equipment specifications are practically the same in all three Rover Models. However, variations in engine size enable a wide range of individual preferences to be met, thus giving motorists still further pleasure in owning "One of Britain's fine cars".

THE '90'

Power leader of the Rover range, this fine 2½ litre 6 cyl. model adds to the luxury of beautifully finished and equipped coachwork and chassis a brilliance of performance that will hold its own with most cars on the road. The silence and smoothness of the Ninety at all speeds are remarkable, judged even by Rover standards.

THE '75'

First of the current series of Rover Models and an established favourite in a score of countries, the Seventy-Five now incorporates an entirely new 6 cyl. engine. Similar in design to that of the successful Ninety, the new engine will further enhance the reputation of the Rover Seventy-Five for high performance with surprising economy.

THE '60'

Recognising that the high standard of Rover design and finish appealed to many motorists to whom low running costs were desirable, the 1954 Rover programme introduced a model with a 2 litre 4 cyl. engine—the immediately popular Sixty. Its exceptionally low fuel consumption is greatly assisted by the special F type cylinder head, exclusive to Rover engines.

SEE THEM AT THE MOTOR SHOW—STAND 144

The 1955 versions of all three models will be on view at the Motor Show. They incorporate a number of new refinements, including a wider rear window, reshaped and fully lined luggage boot and flashing type direction indicators.

ROVER

Asprey

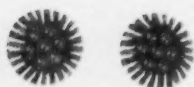


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Links with "Anchor"
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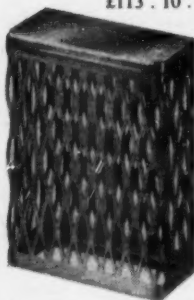


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Treasure Note Clip
with various
sporting scenes.
£25. 0. 0



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Stick. £5. 0. 0

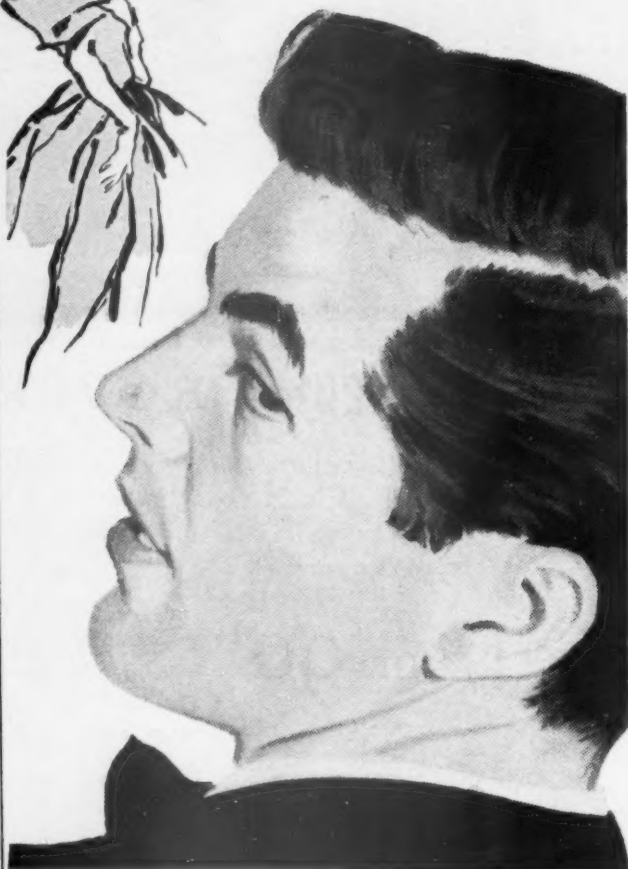
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No better abode did he ask;
And there the old fellow
Grew more and more mellow —
Like CURTIS — maturing in cask!



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The really discerning
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To CURTIS — THE SMOOTHEST OF GINS

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EARLS COURT



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* In appearance, in workmanship, in flavour and aroma, this fine cigar — EL TROVADOR — stands alone.

EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE Arms illustrated are those of the Borough of Wimbledon. The double-headed eagle is symbolical of Julius Caesar and of the battle fought by him on Wimbledon Common. Signifying the Crown association with Wimbledon is the golden rose (an old royal badge). From the Arms of Lord Spencer, the present Lord of the Manor, comes the golden fret, while the gold and azure border of the shield is from the Arms of the Earls of Surrey. The garb is from the Arms of the Cecil family, one of whom was Lord Wimbledon. The Cornish choughs are from the Arms of

Thomas Cromwell, a former Lord of the Manor. "Sine Labe Decus" — the motto — means "Honour without Blemish". The heraldic description reads:

"Argent a double-headed eagle displayed Sable armed and legged Gules on the dexter wing a rose and on the sinister a fret Or a bordure compony Or and Azure and for the Crest issuant from a mural crown a garb supported on either side by a Cornish chough all proper."

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality, providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.



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MORE POWER

The 1500 c.c. B.M.C. overhead valve engine provides 'plus-power' for sustained fast cruising, rapid off-the-mark acceleration, with extra zip for passing and hill climbing.



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Increased body-width gives head, legs and elbows appreciably more room. In fact, generous space for driver and passengers is a feature of this new Oxford. The boot is bigger too.



C.C.105 (54).



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LIFE ASSURANCE
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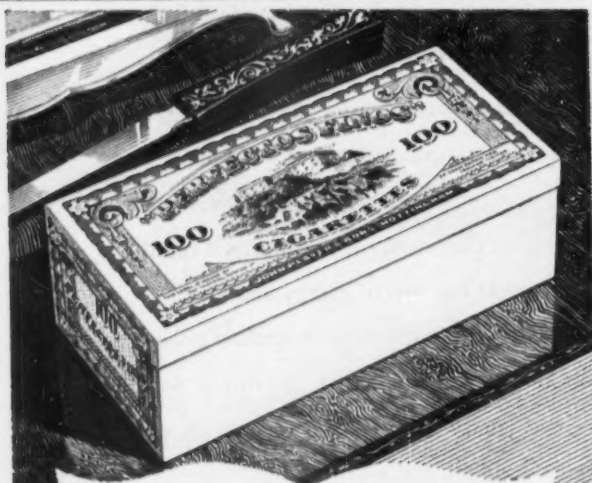
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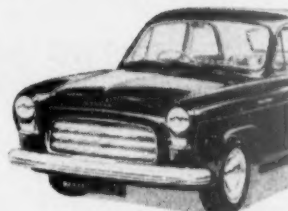
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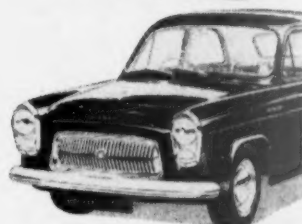
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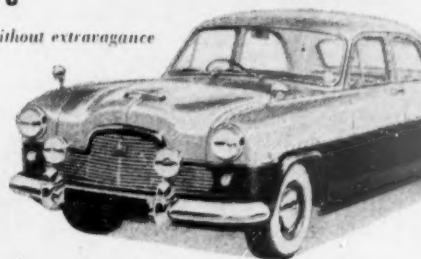
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cit-y. Ev-en with the pa-per mon-ey that we have now-a-days it would not be con-ven-i-ent or wise to carr-y all your cash in your pock-ets. Be-sides, it would make you look funn-y. That

is why Pa-pa and Ma-ma have bank-ing acc-ounts at Lloyds Bank. When you grow up you will have a bank-ing acc-ount there your-self. So you must start sav-ing now.

With apologies to Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mrs. Thomas Mortimer.

* By the way, Lloyds Bank has published a slim volume which is in the nature of a modern banking primer. It is called "Banking for Beginners". If you know of any young person who would be interested to read it, please ask for a copy at any branch of the Bank.



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HE IS A MAN OF STANDING, in business or in one of the professions. Though his life is much taken up with material things, he is nevertheless very conscious of the importance of the arts, even in these days of machinery and mass production. Indeed he might fairly be described as a patron of the arts. In his house—manifestly the home of a successful man—you may see some of the fine antique furniture, and perhaps some of the valuable pictures, that he has acquired from many different sources over the years of his advancement. He is a busy man, but he still finds time for an occasional half-hour at a dealer's or in a saleroom; and on his library table there are always copies of *The Connoisseur*.

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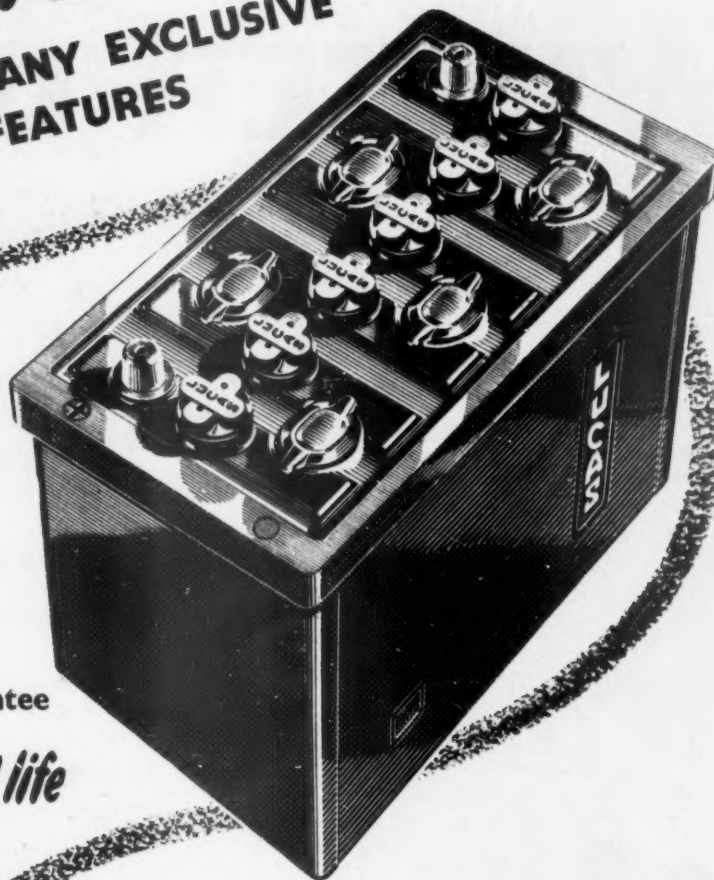
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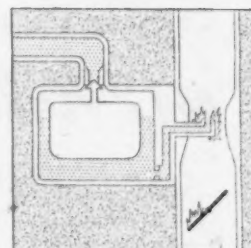
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*For split-second starting at all times, at all temperatures,
for faster warm-up, outstanding acceleration, maximum
performance with economy*

The greatest advance in high performance motoring since the introduction of the unbeatable Esso Extra takes place shortly with the introduction throughout Britain of Winter Grade Esso Extra. The new *Esso Patented* anti-icing feature, prevents ice forming in the carburettor and gives complete protection from loss of power, sudden stalling and increased fuel consumption due to icing during cold, damp weather. Winter Grade Esso Extra will shortly be available from Esso Dealers throughout the country.

The addition of Esso's exclusive new anti-icing feature plus valve protecting N.S.O. gives Esso Extra a combination of qualities unmatched anywhere in the world.



How ice forms in the carburettor

Rapid vaporisation of highly volatile petrol can freeze moisture in the air and build up ice formation in the choke area of the carburettor, causing an increase in petrol consumption, loss of power and, in extreme cases, engine stalling. This cannot happen with Esso Extra Winter Grade.

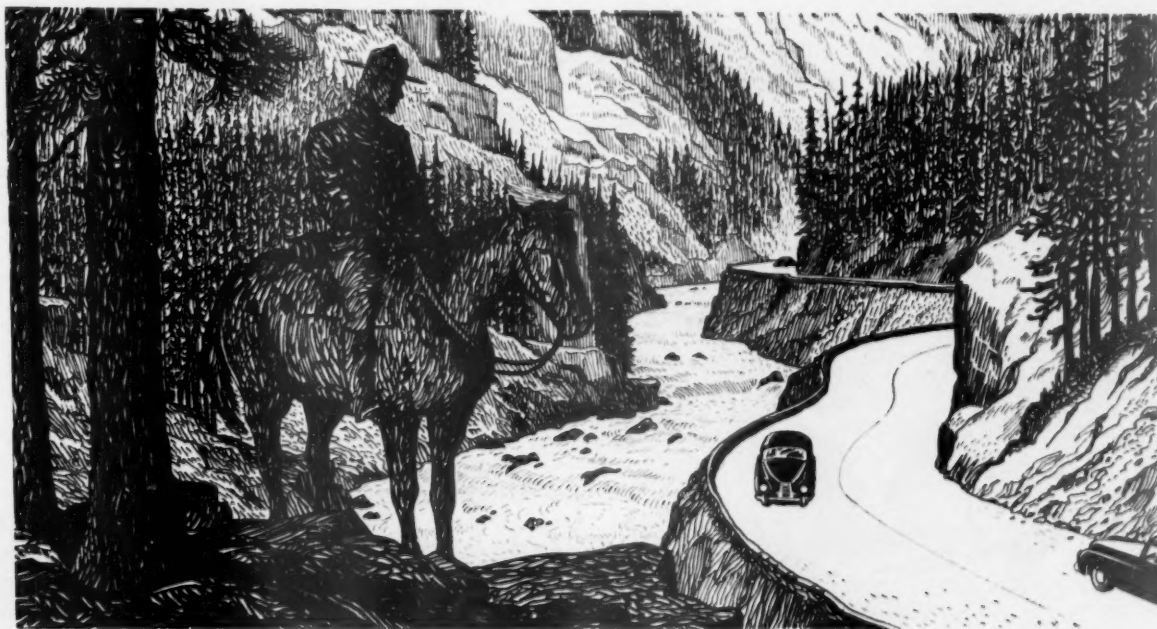
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Cars are one of Britain's greatest, and most valuable exports—earning vital hard currency, maintaining employment, building prosperity. Pressed Steel Company Limited is proud to be associated not only with many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer and Wolseley, but with other manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.

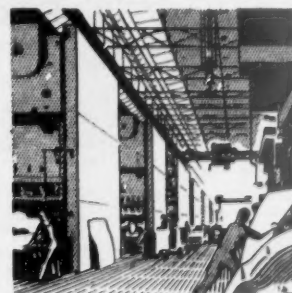
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Britain's largest Independent Manufacturers of

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Winners

These new

AUSTINS

New! And new again! That's Austin this year. The brilliant new Cambridge—most talked-about car of 1954. Newest of all—the great pace-making Westminster. And

never forget the famous Seven—latest 2-door version of the best-loved car of all time. Go to the Austin stand. That's where Motor Show news is made!

** Showpiece*

NEW THE AUSTIN A90 Six WESTMINSTER

The pace-maker! New, surging power—from a brand-new six-cylinder O.H.V. engine! New longer, lower, sleeker lines! New roomier, spread-yourself comfort. This Westminster is news!



NEW THE AUSTIN A40-A50 CAMBRIDGE

Widest-ever choice in motoring history! 1200 cc. or 1500 cc. engine! Family or de-luxe interior! 2- or 4-door! It's the greatest family motoring advance ever. You choose *exactly* the model to suit yourself.

THE A30 2-door SEVEN

Budget-priced motoring raised to a superb new level of comfort, performance, safety. Up to 60 m.p.h.! Up to 45 m.p.g.! And room for four full-size adults, plus luggage. There's a 4-door model, too.



STAND 154 makes news at the Motor Show!

And see the AUSTIN PRINCESS limousine on the Vanden Plas Stand 101



AUSTIN—you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



WHEN the T.U.C. discussed raising funds towards the cost of their Memorial Building some delegates objected to the proposed levy of a shilling on members, to be spread over three years, because of "the difficulties which the small unions would have in finding the money." What's wrong with striking for it?

Simple Addition

FACED with continuing losses, the transport department of Nottingham corporation has asked the council to spend ten thousand pounds on hiring business efficiency experts "to find out



why the department lost money." The passenger, resigned to an inevitable finding, can console himself with the thought that about ten thousand will be accounted for easily enough.

Not Even a Smoke Signal

WHEN the papers resumed publication after last week's lull their main news items dealt for the most part with the newslessness of the day before. Friends came up to Mr. William Hickey of the *Express* and said "What's the news, old man?" Mr. Hickey didn't know. "I didn't know what was happening abroad. I didn't know what was happening at home. I felt out of it all." That is what comes of not listening to the B.B.C. at 7 a.m. (Home), 8 a.m. (Home), 9 a.m. (Light), 1 p.m. (Home), 6 p.m. (Home), 7 p.m. (Light), 9 p.m. (Home), 10 p.m. (Light), 11 p.m. (Home) or 11.50 p.m. (Light).

Anybody Guess?

ONE difficulty in planning the winter fuel supply, said a recent announcement by the London and South Eastern

Regional Board for Industry, was that no one knew "whether the additional coal taken by householders during the summer months had been burned or stocked."

And Now for Our Play

IN a divorce case heard last week it was revealed that when the husband wanted to watch a television programme the wife would shout abusive names, chase him about the house with a carving knife and threaten to put an axe through the receiver. All this despite knocking on the wall from neighbours, and requests to turn down the volume.

Don't Give Me a Rocket

SEASONAL correspondence addressed to Father Christmas is already flowing into the sorting rooms of the G.P.O., says the Postmaster-General's information department, bearing requests for trains, tractors, soldiers, boats and other desired possessions. Post Office officials are as usual in doubt about what to do with them, but it is understood that those with Continental post-



marks are being forwarded to Mr. Harold Stassen, c/o Mutual Security Agency, Washington, D.C.

It's One of Ours

CALCULATIONS necessary to guide our guided weapons are now to be done on the new three-dimensional analogue computer, a mass of machinery, screens, charts, meters and electronic brains which does the work of ten thousand human mathematicians, consumes four hundred horse-power and occupies the same space as six three-bedroomed houses. Scientists seem extremely happy

about it; but the ordinary householder, who can produce quite unexpected results with nothing more elaborate than a length of electrical flex, sees the most trifling of slips guiding our weapons back where they came from.

Pick Up that Orange-Pip

EVERY effort was made by the Minister of Works, during last week's Royal visit, to cure Londoners of public untidiness. Stern appeals in the Press



urged them to maintain "the encouraging decline in quantities of litter left on the ground" this summer; their attention was directed to the extra litter-baskets placed along the ceremonial route, and they were asked to "keep their litter until after the ceremony" and then make full use of them; on the day of the procession the road-sweeper which preceded it also displayed suitable appeals. Even so, the campaign was only partly successful. A good plan for future State visits might be to ask the guest of honour to open his address of greeting with a short anti-litter appeal.

Those Before Cried Back

PROGRAMMES for next autumn's foreign tour by the Scots Guards regimental band are now being arranged, and one suggestion is that these should include, besides displays of piping and Highland dancing, the ceremony of Beating the Retreat. Another is that this can be quite safely left to our politicians.

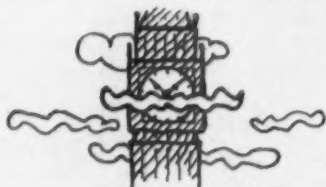
And Having Writ, Moves Off

FADING properties in post-war ink were recently the subject of correspondence in the Press, and one writer

referred to "prescriptions which could not be presented for dispensing to any chemist, lines apparently blank in hotel registers and church visitors' books, empty sheets of paper on notice boards, and signatures which have faded beyond recognition." It was too late, of course, to do anything about the Lancaster House signatures, but it is to be hoped that supplies of durable old-fashioned ink were rushed out to Cairo for the Anglo-Egyptian agreement.

Roof-Garden Cloudy

DESPITE a wide use of the word "skyscraper" to describe buildings of twenty or so storeys now proposed for London it seems unlikely that anything



on the American scale will ever be achieved. Some people make the point, however, that skies over here are usually within easier scraping distance than those in New York.

Man's Ingratitude Censured

THE jargon of the small ad. is as catching as any other, and when the recent advertiser in a West Country newspaper decided to sell his "Manhole Cover, heavy duty, 3 ft. by 3 ft." he no doubt added the cliché "unwanted gift" as a matter of course. He should be grateful to the compositor who popped a comma between the two words, and at a stroke redeemed the thing from banality, put the gift in quite another pair of hands and stood up at last for all who regularly see their presents of mink coats and motor-cars offered for hard cash on the front page of *The Times*.

The Viet-Minh Grenadier

Viet-Minh troops marched into Hanoi carrying mortars, machine guns and bouquets of gladioli.

SOME talk of oleanders and some of picotees,

Of stocks and corianders for troops who march at ease

But a crimson gladiolus is the best boutonniere—

Kow-tow and bow to Mao, now—in a Viet-Minh bandolier.

VIS INERTIÆ

DENVER is a fine, airy city with its western horizon rimmed by the high peaks of the Colorado Rockies. It has (or had a year or two ago) nineteen libraries, a zoo, eight golf courses, twenty-two mortuaries, one "Funeral Home," and a surprising number of spacious civic parks. And it is known world-wide as the mile-high metropolitan city of the United States.

That last statement, which might be doubted if left without documentary support, is taken verbatim from "Madden's Guide to Denver," obtainable locally at twenty-five cents; and an excellent Guide it is, with its heart-warming preamble "God bless you, Stranger—God prosper you, Friend: and make your sojourn in our city a happy reminiscence."

It is to be hoped that President Eisenhower risked a quarter on the Guide and took some comfort from its friendly good wishes. He should have found it at least a pleasant change from most references in print to his sojourn in the mile-high city. For seldom, since Tiberius slipped off to Capri, has so much fuss been made by his countrymen over the self-sequestration of a public man.

There was some excuse, if Tacitus and Suetonius are to be believed, for the tide of not very vocal criticism that welled up in Rome. Tiberius was away for ten years, and whatever else he was doing in that time it was certainly not

golf and fishing. Objection was also taken to his habit of writing letters to the Senate demanding the removal of this or that enemy of the state. In other words, it was the Emperor's *activities* they took exception to. The President, conversely and obtusely, is criticized for *inactivity*. The feeling seems to be that he should be constantly bustling about, always on the govern, demonstrably earning his pay.

In particular, he should make statements. "He hasn't had a news conference since he arrived here six weeks ago," bitterly complained a *New York Times* correspondent recently. "If the President wished to allot half an hour a day to the exercise, he could dominate the front pages and the air waves every day . . ." The business of a top statesman, then, is to provide headlines and keep the Press pot boiling.

Mr. Eisenhower is, in this matter, perhaps more closely in touch with the secret heart of the people than are his critics (who after all are mostly newspapermen with columns to fill). He recognizes that the ordinary man does not require his leaders to be stirring things up *all* the time. All praise to him for setting an example that other statesmen may be glad enough to follow. Mr. Nehru, indeed, has already announced his desire to lay aside his duties for a time and seek leisure to "read and think." Dr. Malan has gone perhaps a little too far, in proclaiming his total retirement; for that simply lets Mr. Havenga in. But the principle is right. Tiberius knew.

Let them *all* put their feet up for a while. By all means, let all the leading statesmen of the world give way to that Capri complex and take time off, in some sequestered isle, to read and think. Only let them choose different islands. We don't want a Conference.

H. F. E.

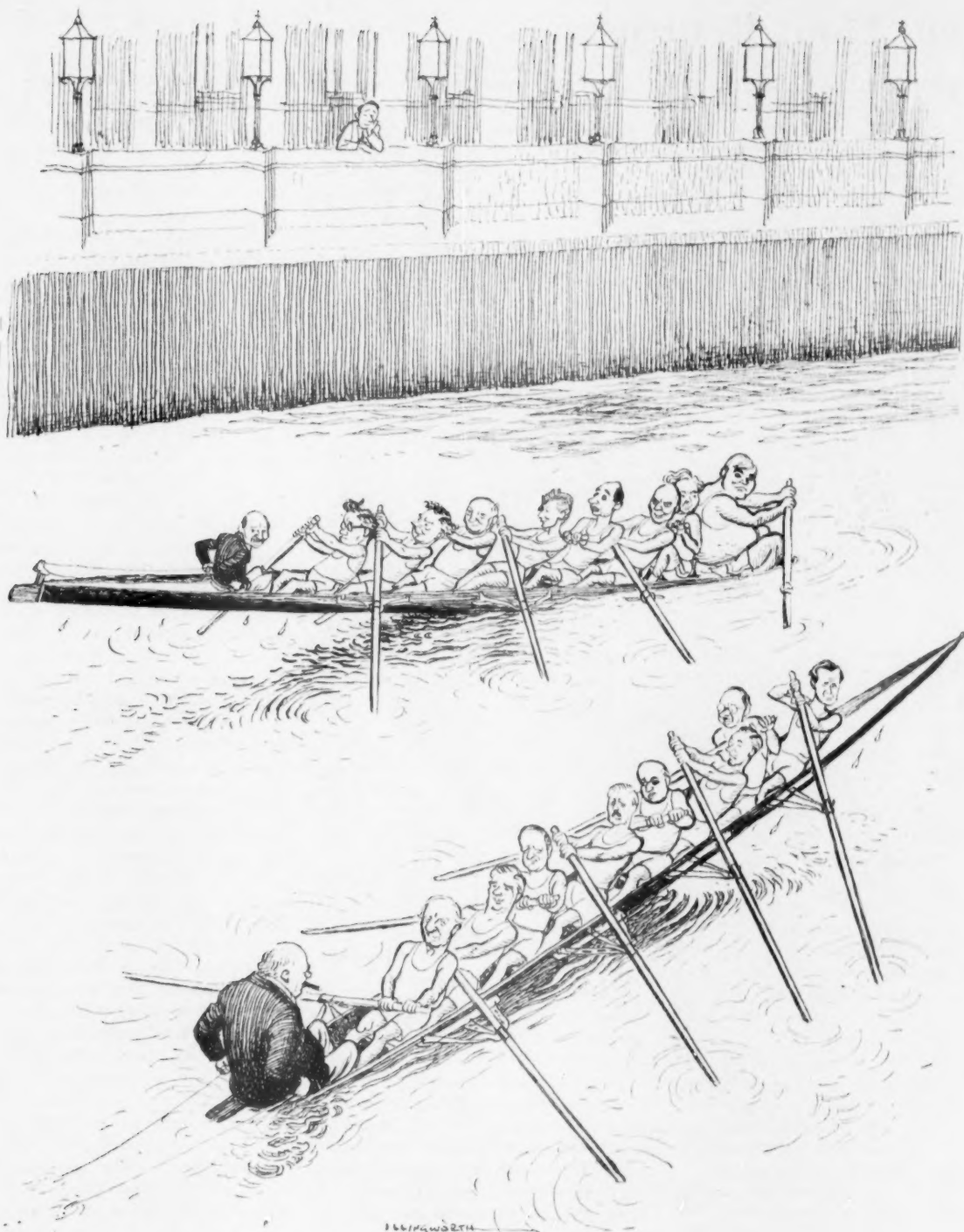


"I personally shan't be around in 44 years, but I'll come back to haunt yer."

"There is a miniature first-aid kit containing two aspirins, a beehive, a soda siphon, a bicycle and a parrot in a cage. The base of a Buddha opens to reveal two imitation diamonds and, by pressing a spring, coloured candles appear on the top of a birthday cake."

Shopping News (Central Africa)

We'll take the aspirins.



U Nu, Burmese Prime Minister, and nineteen of his Ministers will take part in boat races during Burmese National Day celebrations on November 20.—Daily Telegraph

The Lion Returns

By CLAUD COCKBURN

PHYSICALLY, the Lion of Judah was this week in London, Eton, and Bath. In every other respect he was sitting on top of the world.

This time he had a British cruiser all the way to the steps of the Portsmouth Guildhall where Councillor Day, Lord Mayor, offered civically civil greeting. And that was nice, because last time he tried to make the trip, in the gun-shy spring of 1936, the cruiser refused to take him farther than Haifa: on the remainder of the route Britain's bus was not running. Premier Baldwin had withdrawn his labour.

(Question of a demarcation agreement with the Eyeti National Union.)

Telling the story to the House of Commons, Premier Baldwin—admittedly irked at the moment by the disclosure that his Colonial Secretary, a Mr. Thomas, had been so absorbed in discussing Newmarket form with some men that he had accidentally leaked the Budget—said that, first of all, we did not have enough cruisers to go round among retreating Emperors and such, which was entirely the fault of the Labour Party, and, secondly, it was dubious whether Haile Selassie was still in the Emperor bracket at all.

"We understand," said Baldwin, "that he has renounced the direction of affairs."

He had too; in the same sense that a man just coshed by a burglar may be said to have renounced control of his property.

In any case, he was down, and the sensible thing to do was kick him. The *Evening Standard* well expressed the view of the British press—one means, of course, the *then* view, not the *now* one—when on June 5, 1936, it stated:

"Never the rightful heir to the throne, Haile Selassie became the ruler of unruly tribes owing no allegiance to his dynasty. He has now lost his throne, and the pawn has been swept off the board."

(Always remember that if you want a quickly digestible breakfast food, get Words.)

First top-bracket Briton to meet him in Portsmouth Harbour this time was the Duke of Gloucester. And that was especially nice because the Duke of Gloucester was among those present on Haile Selassie's first trip to England in 1924, when he went to the Wembley Exhibition, and saw—among other tremendously impressive things—a



model of our Prince of Wales in butter, on a horse which was, of course, in butter too.

This was because the Foreign Office at the time was trying to combat French influence in Abyssinia which, believe it or not, was simply fierce, for it had been a Frenchman with an elderly aeroplane who helped Ras Tafari Makonen—as Haile Selassie then was—to put his elderly aunt in her place.

Zauditu her name was, and if she had had her way Ras Tafari would never have got to be King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah, Elect of God and Emperor of Abyssinia.

A glimpse of her form is given by the fact that she got her divorced husband to work for her against Tafari, and had this Frenchman not been in a position to throw the severed head of this ex-Uncle Ras Guksa into the cockpit of his little old plane and flip it back to Addis, things might have been different.

That was why we had to show Tafari that big thing in butter.

The French were furious about that Wembley junket, and, as usual, said things. But as George Frederick Lees—concurring in the Foreign Office opinion—commented in *The World To-day*:

"It may well be that there are certain questions which Great Britain would gladly see settled between herself and the sister Empire, but the accusation of Machiavellism will come as a painful surprise."

Haile Selassie, over whose impassive features a small inscrutable smile has been playing up and down newspaper columns in the U.S.A. and Britain for months, is probably fairly immune by this time to painful surprises.

Aunt Zauditu failed to give him one, and so did the League of Nations when a *bloc* including Great Britain tried to blackball Abyssinia on the grounds that the Emperor condoned slavery, and bought arms from unsuitable people, many of them even French.

But he got in all right, and liberated the slaves (a move which he later described as "not wholly successful"). As few people in Abyssinia had heard about wages, the ex-slaves tended to starve. "Nothing new," the Emperor told Rosita Forbes, "is ever profitable in this country."

Then, if you recall—and, as one stood on Victoria Station the other day watching the Royal reception for Haile Selassie, one recalled an awful lot—Mussolini, declaring he was liberating something, poured poison gas on Haile Selassie and followers: and when the Emperor tried to prevent his warriors mutilating wounded prisoners on the ground it was unprogressive, many of

them mutinied, and a Ras at the back shouted "Cissy!"

As Badoglio, later Duke of Addis Ababa (whatever became of him, by the way?), advanced boldly behind a cloud of mustard gas which the Abyssinians were too retrograde to possess, a good many people began to feel a shade uncomfortable.

Comedian Ronald Frankau gave expression to this feeling in a song which—after a lot of diplomatic tussling—actually hit the sound waves by courtesy of the B.B.C.

"I'd rather be an Ethiopian savage," sang Mr. Frankau, "than an ordinary civilized man. You may have your own opinions about the Abyssinians, but at least they have a good time while they can."

Many thought it an extravagant sentiment at the time, but quite soon it turned out fairly prophetic.

The Emperor was informed that the World Conscience had been aroused on his behalf, but this turned out to be not so immediately handy as had been expected, and the Emperor had to leave.

By this time he had become a symbol—he was the fragile piece of china in the shop where the beastly bulls are loose, and it was going to be our turn next.

His arrival at Geneva that time was rather notably lacking in the official welcome just laid on at Victoria, but thousands of people were there and, when they saw him, half of them cheered and half burst into tears. I was the one who did both.

He was as small and secret and defeated as a hope in the human heart, but he was still going, and his face still said that if people laughed at his huge, elaborate umbrella, the more fools they.

He was written off, all right, and there was a row at Foyles literary lunch because he might be offending Mussolini or some other one of our great and good friends.

And here the train was puffing up to the red carpet, at Victoria, with a big plaque on the front of the engine bearing the Union Jack and the Abyssinian flag linked around the arms of Abyssinia, and most of our Royal Family waiting to greet him.

Similar scenes have been witnessed during recent months in Belgrade, Athens, and Washington D.C., where he stayed at the White House, and New



"Just think, darling, seven more payments to the Merrydew nursing home and she's our very own."

York, where they gave him a greeting like Lindbergh got.

It shows that there is hope for Emperors yet, and that those who in the past have slipped and failed to make a come-back were simply incompetent.

Or else they just failed to convince the Sinclair Oil Company that they had some oil under their soil, omitted to tell the War Office and the Pentagon that there was probably a packet of uranium in them hills, which might be made available to whichever Government was nicest and quickest with the Wars, and forgot to have some Russians in their capital who could be thought apt to scoop the pool if others were laggard.

It is a full-time job being an Emperor just now.

But frankly, friend, if you were the Emperor Haile Selassie, wouldn't you have a small inscrutable smile?

Mixed Reception for the Attlee Show

"... Finally a roistering commentary on the Tories at Blackpool. He laughed heartily as his questioners fed him the points he needed."

Manchester Guardian, Oct. 14, 1954

"... He permitted himself three chuckles of the kind which in print are set down thus: 'Heh!' All were at the expense of the Tories."—*Daily Mail, Oct. 14, 1954*

"... There was no real smile, just a flicker, when he spoke somewhat contemptuously of the recent Tory Party Conference."

Daily Dispatch, Oct. 14, 1954

Awards

By D. F. KARAKA

BOMBAY
SIR PESTONJI PALLONJI POONAWALA, G.C.S.I. (the name is purely fictitious, of course), felt somewhat lost when the British quit India. He was left behind with a title which the government of Mr. Nehru promptly abolished. Indians had become equal. All were henceforth to bear the prefix "Shri" which was archaic Sanskrit for plain "Mr." An article was included in the new Indian Constitution forbidding the grant of titles.

Taking these new directives seriously, the government-controlled All India Radio, accustomed to refer to India's Prime Minister as Pandit Nehru, started referring to him as plain Shri Nehru.

Quickly it was pointed out that "Pandit" was not a title. It was a common-or-garden way of addressing a learned man. It made no class distinction. In fact anyone, even an untouchable, could flaunt it. Pandit Nehru was thus quickly restored to his panditry.

Seven years passed and, without any warning, Indians awoke on Independence Day 1954 to see an old ritual revived with a few modifications. As the King Emperor was wont to do in days of yore, on New Year's Day and on the occasion of his birthday, the President of India decided to bestow

awards on the anniversary of India's Independence.

With suitable introduction in the Gazette Extraordinary it was announced that Bharat Ratna, meaning "Jewel of India," would be "the highest award in the land." In the first instance it was bestowed on three Indians: one was a former Governor-General of India; the other was the present Vice-President of India who had recently paid a visit to Russia and the third was a distinguished scientist. The award was so high that it really did not matter who got it.

Another award, simultaneously announced, was called Padma Vibhushan. As the awards were made in somewhat of a hurry, the recipients were not notified beforehand of the President's desire to bestow such an honour on them. Some, unaccustomed to reading a morning paper, found themselves being congratulated even before they had realized what was the cause of the felicitation.

On the morning of Independence Day these awards were brought to my notice by my old bearer, Makan Premji, who occasionally indulges in the luxury of buying special numbers of the daily press. He justifies his attitude by saying that their resale value at bulk rate covers his original investment.

"Sahib, sahib," he said, rushing into my room with my coffee that morning, "Mrs. Subhalaxmi is getting Padma Vibhushan, 2nd Class."

"What is Padma Vibhushan?" I asked him.

"A ward," he replied.

"A what?"

"A ward," he repeated, "just like to Sir Knight in olden days."

"You mean title?"

"No, sahib, all titles abolish when British is leaving India. Now Pandit Nehru is giving a-ward."

"Ah, award!" I said, realizing that Makan was more conversant with the new constitutional practice than I was. While titles were abolished, there was apparently nothing in the Constitution to forbid the granting of awards.

I had vaguely heard of the Mrs. Subhalaxmi to whom Makan referred. She was a popular singer in South India who could hold up a high note "A—a-a-a-a" for the record timing of three minutes, forty-five seconds, maybe more.

It was, however, only a day or two later that the nationalist press clarified the award by saying:

"While the honour of Bharat Ratna, which was conferred on Independence Day on Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan and Dr. C. V. Raman, is the highest honour that could be conferred on a citizen of India, the other honour Padma Vibhushan in its three classes was authoritatively stated here to be equivalent to well known honours of the British days in India.

"Padma Vibhushan (Pahela Varg or First Class), it was stated, can be taken as equivalent to the British G.C.S.I.—Grand Commander of the Star of India—which was previously conferred for exceptionally meritorious services.

"The Padma Vibhushan (Dusra Varg or Second Class), can be taken as equivalent to the K.C.S.I. or Knight Commander of the Star of India and the Padma Vibhushan (Tisra Varg or Third Class) as equivalent to C.S.I. or Companion of the Star of India."

Padma means Lotus, symbol of power, knowledge and godliness. Vibhushan means decoration.

As this decoration was awarded in three classes, those in the first class were entitled to wear a gold gilt medal; the metal for Class II was silver, and that of Class III was bronze.

Shri Pestonji Pallonji Poonawala now knows where he stands. His abolished G.C.S.I. ranked with the Padma Vibhushan Class I.



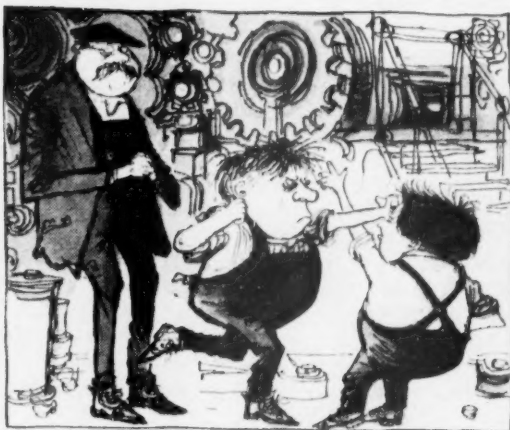
Fun on the South-Western Circuit.

"Newton Abbot Shopping Week's Cup for the best dressed window was awarded yesterday to C— Ltd., of Queen Street, with a display of underwear by three judges from Plymouth, Torquay and Exeter."

Torbay Herald Express

The Rake's Progress : The Trade Union Leader

By RONALD SEARLE



1. **PROMISE** Joins Union as apprentice. Blacks eye of non-union lad. Praised by father of the chapel



2. **FULFILMENT** Leads famous "Bob-a-nob" march. Accused of wrecking Empire by Daily Mail



3. **SUCCESS** National Organizer. Joins 'Popular Front' agitation. Has a drink with Mr. Pollitt, Weds



4. **TEMPTATION** Elected General Secretary of the Union. Buys first dress suit



5. **DOWNFALL** Knighted. Weeps at Party Conference. cries "These are worker's hands". Has autobiography "ghosted"



6. **RUIN** Refused American Visa. Blacks eye of embassy clerk. International indignation. Takes slow boat to China

seems, those cases where sex has raised its ugly head.

The accused make no bones about it. Indeed, they righteously defend their policy. Publicity, they say, is the great deterrent: the village Casanova who gives no thought to the eye of God may tremble at the thought that the eye of the *Sunday Gazette* is upon him. You may think that there is something in that. Parents and guardians, they say, are impelled by this weekly catalogue of crime to protect and warn their children against the wickedness of man. Also, they say, the end of most of the stories they record so faithfully is conviction and imprisonment: and this must powerfully implant the lesson that crime and wickedness "do not pay" and in the end, inevitably, are punished. About that, I am not so sure. For a great many religions have been teaching the same lesson for many thousands of years: and if it had been successful the courts of law would not be so busy as they are. The news that a small boy has been cuffed by a farmer for climbing a low wall and stealing apples is not a conclusive deterrent to the boy next door: what interests him, alas, is the information that apples can be had so easily.

That brings me at last to the case for the Crown. The Attorney-General has accepted without reserve the innocent *intent* of the accused persons. For the first time in our long acquaintance, I thought, his voice broke, his eyes filled with generous tears as, in eloquent words, he admired the beauty of their *motives*. "But," he said, "in the leading case of 1868 the motives of the accused persons were perfectly proper. Indeed, they were founded in religion. But motives have no relevance in these proceedings. What is the *tendency* of the matter charged as obscene in the minds of those into whose hands it may fall?" The *Sunday Gazette* goes into millions of homes. In many of those homes it is the only "reading matter" purchased in the week. It follows that, when the adults have done their pools, it "may" fall into the hands of "those whose minds are open to immoral influences"—in other words, the young. At this point you may recall my parable of the small boy and the apple. The young, in this well-meaning sheet, will discover many new words, many kinds of behaviour, of which they never heard

The Amateur

For C. J. Chataway, with a deep bow.



HIGH o'er the vaulted Kremlin was the banner of Sport unfurled,
And a super-Stakhanovite athlete strode o'er the cinder-tracks of the world.
His life was planned in detail in the light of his destined fate,
Which was simply the winning of races for the glorious Soviet State.

He ran his race at White City as a super-Stakhanovite should—
Four seconds clipped off the record, you have to admit, is good—
But just as he neared the final tape he found himself outrun
By a chap who went in for athletics because athletics were fun.

B. A. Y.

before. They may read with amazement of the things their elders have done: but they will not necessarily determine not to do as they did. And, if they do, temptation, when it comes, may be fortified by knowledge. They may remember not the wholesome fact that Mr. X was sent to prison but the cunning stratagem by which Mr. X obtained his wicked will.

The Jury, without leaving the box, found all the accused guilty.

THE JUDGE: Quite right. I sentence you all to ten years' imprisonment.

THE EDITOR: Oh, I say!

THE JUDGE: Now don't be cross. My idea is to force you to appeal. Then we may get this case to the House of Lords and perhaps they'll alter this very absurd law.

Escapist in a General Store

By STELLA GIBBONS

YES, I did. In the local paper. And they sent me one of their catalogues too. What a big one! I thought at first it was from one of the stores in town. And how are *you* liking the change, Mr. Ironside? Oh, Yes. Well, I expect you *will* get used to it. It certainly looks much brighter, doesn't it? And what a large selection. And Biz and Tug and Raz on the shelves, I see. You never used to sell those, did you? What's happened to all those dear—to all those little drawers where you kept the screws? Oh, I see; you've had those boxes put in instead. But aren't they very difficult to open? Oh, I see. Yes. Yes. The handles will be put on for certain on *Friday* and then when you've got the *names* painted on, instead of just pencilled, it will be quite simple to find the screws. Well! Achieve and Manage *are* livening up

the old family business, aren't they? I only hope their goods will be as good as Mr. Crowspoon's were. Yes, they have got a big name. Well, he deserves it. He's worked hard enough. All through the war. *Both* wars; yes, of course. But *of course* we shall, Mr. Ironside. I couldn't get on without Crowspoon's, even though it is called Achieve and Manage's now. And I *am* so glad that you and Miss Kissrose are staying on. It will make things seem less strange. But of course just at first we shall all miss the old Crowspoon spirit . . . ha ha. Yes, we have, haven't we . . . that time with the lawn-mower . . . and that bill for seven and threepence we kept puzzling over . . . but I expect it will all be very different now that Achieve and Manage have taken over. Well, what I really came in for was some paint. White paint. Look,

here, on page eighty-two of the catalogue . . . *best white paint, four shillings per tin, suitable for indoor and outdoor use, best quality, hardwearing and indestructible.* Oh, thank you. Oh, good afternoon, Miss Kissrose. Yes, I do see a great change . . . though, actually, I'm not so sure now as I was about it when I first came into the shop. What I mean is, Crowspoon's is still Crowspoon's, isn't it? I feel that Achieve and Manage may find it rather difficult . . . only just at first, of course. Good will, yes. I'm sure there's plenty of *that*. OH DEAR. What a nuisance. But it says in the catalogue . . . Oh. I see. Yes, of course. Not quite straight yet, no. And Staff must be *very* difficult still, in spite of the war being over. Bits of boys, yes. All right then. I'll call in one day next week. And thank you, dear Mr. Ironside.



"You and your hiccoughs!"

Motoring Section



The Seven Headlamps of Motor Engineering

I. In considering the use of deceitful mouldings, chromium-plated accretions, and similar fraudulent attempts to persuade a public, only, alas, too willing to be deluded by such insolent stratagems, that an example of what, in these days, passes for the coach-builder's art possesses aerodynamic qualities which, in fact, it only too patently lacks, we must determine, first, what, if any, amount of ornamentation is acceptable on its own account. And

APHORISM I

Chromium-plated ornaments an intolerable barbarism

here I find it necessary to remind the engineer who meanly, and, as

I think, dishonestly, shelters behind a superstition that the general are content with the appearance of a motor only if it be plentifully bedaubed with imbecile medallions of chromium-plated metal, that, had he, or his, idiotically-termed, stylist, not, in the first place, rendered such a belief possible by defiling the market with automobiles so smirched: the fashion could not, of itself, have come into being. Chromium-plate, at best a sorry substitute for the precious metals created by Divine Providence for use where a bright surface is desired, may permissibly be employed upon features where an application of paint would, for one reason or another, be inappropriate, as on bumpers, the handles of doors, and such like; but to trammel a fine honest area of gleaming cellulose varnish with chromium panels and beadings that serve no function but the gratification of vanity is the action of a man utterly innocent of the elements of good breeding.

II. One exception only may be permitted, and that is to be found where

By J*H*N R*S*K*N

the lines of the coachwork are so conceived that the painted surface obtrudes into space in such fashion as to cause the risk of contact with a similar surface. Here, *and here only*, a chromium-plated rib may be affixed to serve the office of what is known to seamen as a "rubbing-strake." A splendid example may be inspected upon the Chevrolac "Path-master," where the burnished metal member is led with wonderful exactness along the line of greatest vulnerability, beginning with admirable abruptness at the very point where contact is first possible, and ending with equal determination where the danger exists no longer.

But has the engineer been content

with this excellent, and honest, piece of design? Not so; for finding, no doubt, a surplus of chromium strip upon his books, he has set to twisting it into all kinds of fanciful slogans and mottos, such as "Silkdrive," "Powerstat," and the like, and these he has scrawled at various points upon his coachwork with all the art of the Bill-poster. What might, therefore, have been an exemplary design has been debased to the mark of the child's autograph-album.

III. Cognate with this question of chromium-plate is the matter of white-walled tyres and similar coxcombs. God in His Infinite Wisdom ordained that vulcanized rubber should present to the viewer a uniform surface of warm grey. For what exact purpose I find it difficult to surmise, the arbiters of



contemporary style have decreed that the rubber of motor-tyres should be so treated that the walls (but not the treads) shall show a gleaming white as unsightly as it is impractical. Now a

APHORISM 2

Wheels are intended to convey engine-power to the road

decision so ludicrously inept might perhaps be overlooked as a solitary vagary,

were it not that other conceits, equally fantastical, are beginning to manifest themselves; and so wire-spoked wheels, constructed upon the soundest engineering principles, are concealed behind pressed-steel discs devised according to no principles that I can discover; and pressed-steel wheels of capable and economical construction are defiled with a machine that serves no other evident purpose than to delude the ignorant into the belief that the wheels are of the wire-spoked variety. I cannot too strongly emphasise that the function of wheels in a motor-car is to enable the vehicle to run smoothly and travel safely, and that, so long as they are of a justly circular outline, the maltreatment or perversion of them to effect nuances of appearance that are foreign to the engineer's primal purpose is barbarous and dishonest.

IV. I cannot allow myself to conclude these remarks without some reference to a problem of especial importance in these times.¹ Neither by the public, nor by those charged with its execution, is the word "repair" understood. It

¹ 2 Cor. xi, 17.

means the complete dismantling of the fabric of the vehicle: a dispersal so entire that but few of the components can hope to be returned to their original state: an explosive disruption in which tools, upholstery, paintwork, as well as the machinery itself, suffer in proportion as they are allowed to be handled by the vulgar and insensitive mechanics engaged. Let us speak boldly and say that there is no such thing as a repair. For as fast as one

matter has been attended to, another has been discovered—or created; and this process, for which a monetary charge is made *by the hour*, can be so prolonged, in the hands of practised workmen, that it were better for the motorist who detects trouble in the machinery of his vehicle sternly to condemn the vehicle to the scrap-heap, rather than entrust it to the hands of those who falsely undertake to set it aright.

B A. YOUNG

Looking Back

AND there was the day when we paused and looked searchingly back
At the roadway braiding the rocks that were carrying Calvignac
And under the hump with the jam-pot church and the pig's celestial sty
Where the fortress clung like a threadbare leaf alone in a shapeless sky
And the velvety vast begonia blooms stood pot by feverish pot
And blazed at the bulging hillsides billowing down to the Lot:
Under a handful of houses primevally wizened and pink
Yet frisking like somebody's children close to the cliff-top's brink,
We saw the sinister pool at the place where we'd stopped and fed
On melons and blithe Monbazillac and branches of new-born bread;
We saw it shuddering there in the ribbon road's recoil
And we sensed it was engine oil, ah me! we sensed it was engine oil.

And the mystical August night we came back late
And saw Le Bugue in the valley up to its ears *en fête*.
Gaily it glittered and twittered and trembled for more than a mile
And we silenced Estelle and the twins, we silenced Miss Watt for a while
And over the dirges for the dancing and the ditties from the fair
And the rockets coming loudly to life and dying very gently in the air,
Over the squeaks of the sun-brown maids, proud-bosomed and panther-eyed,
Sauntering under the streamers with a lingering lethal stride,
Over the clinking of trinkets and the clicking of crickets at large,
Kindly supplying everyone with a musical entourage;
Over the voice of the Vézère bickering on round the bend,
We detected a little end, heigh-ho! we detected a little end.

But let us not harp on these moments of horror and pain,
Let us remember the miracles we met in Aquitaine;
Let us remember Padirac and the joys of Cordes and Domme
And surging up through the archways with the air of an atom bomb;
Let us remember the morning, buoyant and bountiful when
We burst on the delicate balancing act that the donjon does at Penne,
Or the day we followed the Dourdou into the darkening rock
And found ourselves, all six of us, with an exquisite sense of shock,
At Conques, beset by the mountain tops, adrift in the tousled moor,
Conques with its gaudy treasure, Conques with its doomful door,
How we sat there sated with wonder and uttered never a word,
Knowing we'd done it in third, tra la! knowing we'd done it in third.

DANIEL PETTIWARD





It is rumoured that Ford and British Motor Corporation are about to join battle for an all-out bid for supremacy in England.

Petrol, Repairs, Dreams Interpreted

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

READING that American ladies were taking their dogs to be psycho-analyzed I at once saw the possibilities of a similar service for motor-cars. As with dogs and people, irrational behaviour in cars is more often founded in mental than physical defects. There is no physical (or "mechanical") reason why a car spurts uncontrollably when threatened with overtaking by another of the same make and year; or why, after its master has taken a trip in a younger and smarter car, it gives a jealous display of noise, bumpiness, sluggishness and chronic window-misting. These are mysteries to which the surgeon's spanner can provide no solution, which mock the skill of the lubricating physician and leave even the manufacturer's specialist wondering whether, after all, he knows everything.

I have therefore ordered my consulting auto-psychologist's brass plate, and by the time these short notes appear I shall be available to advise on such disorders as the following:

Night Fears

An obsessional state taking more than one form. At times the patient experiences a sudden loss of confidence, abandoning the road without warning for a cart-track ending in a byre or milking-shed; at others he is subject to hallucinations, when buildings seem to spring up in the middle of the highway, or imaginary fallen trees lie across it. A danger is that genuine obstacles may in time be mistaken for chimeras, with undesirable consequences. Chief among the SYMPTOMS is a fixed, unwinking, exophthalmic gaze, coupled with a resolve to "stare out" other vehicles; violent braking spasms often set in without cause; some patients report drowsiness, listlessness and loss of vision in the advanced stages of an attack. The simple but drastic TREATMENT is confinement to garage during the hours of darkness, though there is a risk that this may bring on a *Night*

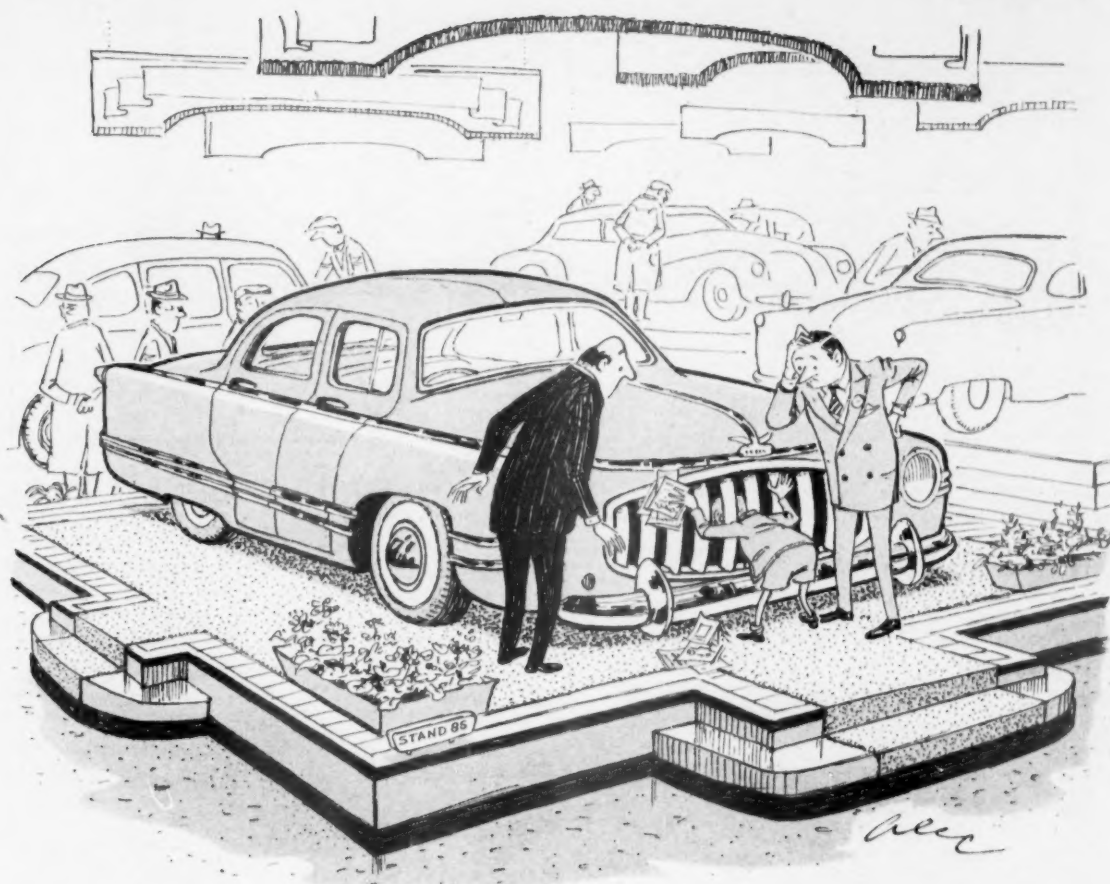
Sortie Compulsion, in which, the patient in a rebellion-reflex heightened by unwonted battery-virility, breaks out at night without any real sense of why or whither. Can often be traced to a nearby inn or the house of convivial friends, but not always back.

Power Fantasy

This, like so many auto-psychotic states, occurs most often in the middle years. The patient believes, despite contrary evidence obvious to outside observers, that his early gifts of speed and stamina remain unimpaired. Graver delusions may result, among them the idea that to hold the crown of the road at forty miles an hour is to excite admiration from the cars behind. Clear SYMPTOMS are premature down-changes, exhibitionism in speed-restricted areas, and roaring away from traffic-lights on the amber. Careful Drivers' and kindred insignia are often worn. TREATMENT must investigate the patient's sub-conscious, where a reluctance to recognize lost youth is almost always



"And I forgive you."



found. If the patient can be made to face and accept reality a cure can often be effected. Alarm should not be felt, however, if sublimation results, taking the harmless form of *Dismantling Ritual*, *Old Crock Complex* or the extremely widespread

Rejuvenation Obsession

In this state of (mild) maladjustment the patient must forever be attending to his toilet. The fantasy of power is over, and the compensation for being unable to behave like a fast young car is to try to appear like one. SYMPTOMS are an excessive flaunting of cleaning rags, tins and bottles, and a high gloss at all points where the wasted frame will support it. There is a marked disinclination to venture out except in settled weather, and in the complaint's advanced stages a brightly-coloured rash breaks out on the wings and spare wheel, sometimes even spreading to the whole body. From TREATMENT, more harm

than good is likely to come. The state is not one in which the patient is actively discontented, and clumsy handling could cause a relapse into *Power Fantasy*.

Of minor ailments (and there are many) it will perhaps suffice to mention only the well known

Deflation Neurosis

In this, the delusion that one of his tyres has seriously lost wind produces an anxiety state in which the patient behaves in every way as if it had. Among the SYMPTOMS giddiness is the most striking, accompanied by a general slowing-up and a sense of unbalance. There is a link between the auto-psychological and the auto-physiological here, in that the complaint rarely occurs in cars with healthy tyres. It is regarded by some as a form of prevision. In an isolated attack TREATMENT by examination and reassurance achieves a complete cure, but if there are frequent recurrences the advice of

an auto-psycho-physiologist should be sought, when new tyres will probably be prescribed and the malady will disappear. Should the patient's means not run to this, a small fixed spirit-level can do much to comfort and relieve.

I have said enough, I hope, to encourage readers to learn more of this, the newest branch of engineering science. It remains for them to roll up. I am confident of success. Car-owners and dog-owners have at least one thing in common: there is practically no limit to the ways in which they can be parted from their money.

"Is there any way of making a small nose seem longer?—W. H., Longsight, Manchester
Draw a line of paint lightly down the bridge of the nose. This should give it a normal appearance."

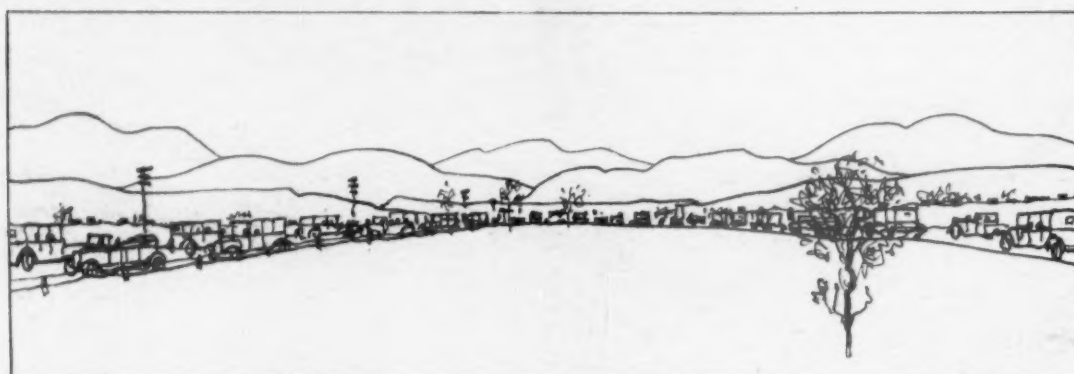
Manchester Evening News

For painters, anyway.

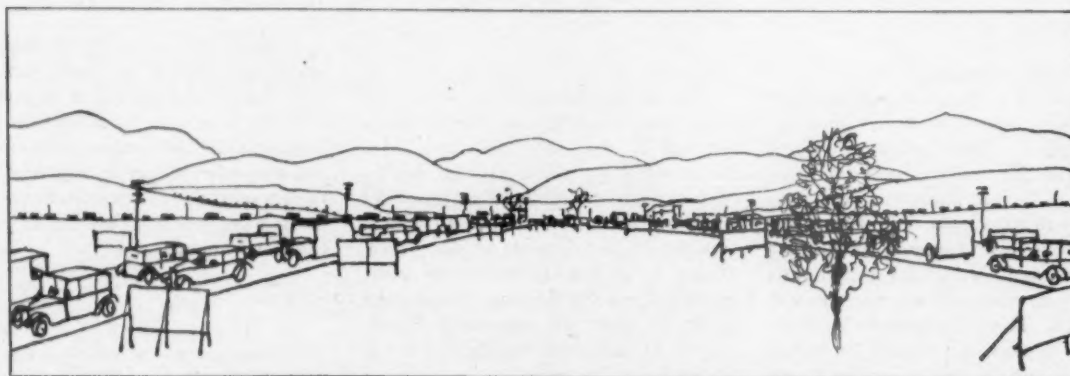
PLANNERS' PROGRESS — I



Soon after the introduction of the horseless carriage it was clear that our roads were quite inadequate to cope with the traffic's rapidly increasing speed and volume, and accordingly vast new schemes of . . .



. . . road-construction and road-regulation were hurriedly put in hand. Unfortunately, by the time these schemes were complete, it was clear that they were quite inadequate to cope with the traffic's still more rapidly increasing speed and volume, and accordingly vast new schemes of . . .



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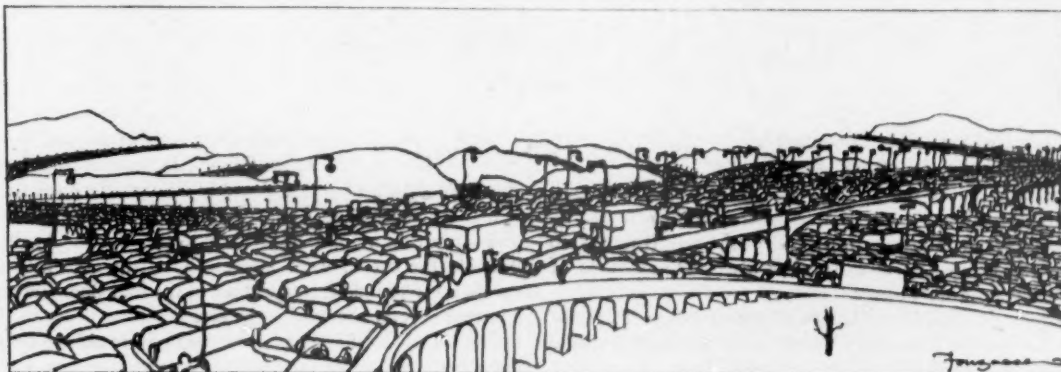
PLANNERS' PROGRESS — 2



... road-construction and road-regulation were hurriedly put in hand. Unfortunately, by the time these schemes were complete, it was clear that they were quite inadequate to cope with the traffic's still more rapidly increasing speed and volume, and accordingly vast NEW schemes of . . .



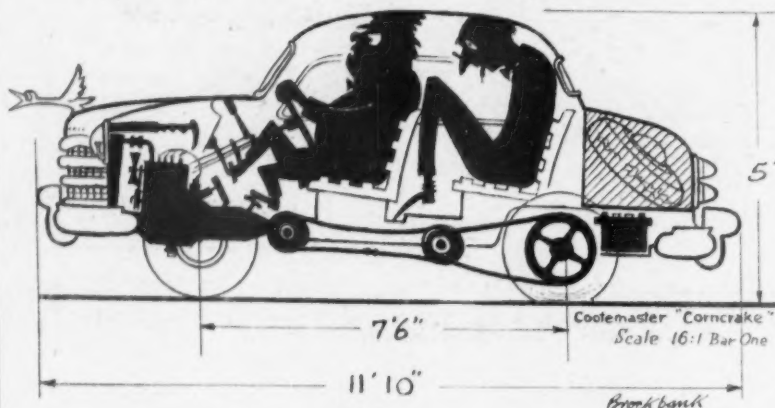
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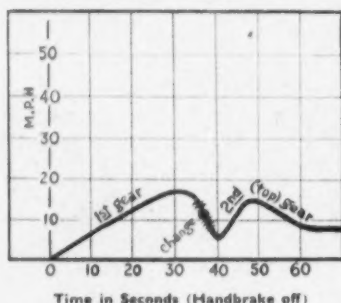
... road-construction and road-regulation were hurriedly put in hand. Unfortunately, by the time these schemes were complete, it was clear that they were quite inadequate to cope with the traffic's still more rapidly increasing speed and volume, and accordingly

THE MOTOCAR Road Test No. NVG/99

Make : Cootemaster **Type :** Corncrake Saloon
Makers : Coote Group, Ltd., Covingham



ACCELERATION IN GEARS



Time in Seconds (Handbrake off)

TEST WEATHER CONDITIONS :
 Cromarty, Dogger, Faroes and Scillies ;
 Unenviable, Wind leering N. to S. Visi-
 bility : risible.

TEST SURFACE :
 Bowdlerised wire-wool (flat).

In Brief:

PRICE : 99% (bid) at close.
ENGINE : Over-square, over-stuffed, R.A.A. over-rated.
CAPACITY : Hommes 30, chevaux 8
COMPRESSION RATIO : As Light Programme.
GEARING : Unsuitable for children.
MAX. SPEED : 12.5 knots before the wind (set to royals).
ACCELERATION : 0-30 m.p.h. in 0 to 12.00 hrs. (GMT).
TRANSMISSION : Quicker by rail
STEERING : E. & O.E.
CHASSIS : Cruciform plywood frame (export models only).
TAPPET CLEARANCE : Not yet granted by Customs.
BRAKES (Topley Meter) : .05 retardation at 250 lb. pedal pressure = 500 yds. stopping distance.
TYRES : Tubeless, treadless, airless.
LUBRICATION : By shot-gun every 50 miles: cylinder liners, wet; sump, dry; rear axle, stormy.
FUEL CONSUMPTION : Unsettled
MAINTENANCE : Through National Assistance Board.

Note : In preparing the searching Road Tests which are now accepted inside and outside the industry as definitive appraisals of production automobiles, THE MOTOCAR acknowledges the valuable co-operation of the manufacturers which vitally supplements the labours of the unbiased team of experienced technicians who comprise the permanent Test Unit.

*A famous light car goes into modern dress
 while retaining its old virtue*

IN approaching the Cootemaster Corncrake one is struck by the ingenuity of the designers in achieving a "New Look" (to borrow a phrase from the language of *haute couture*), without sacrificing the traditional "Cootishness" (there is no other word) which has endeared the *marque* to millions of owner-drivers the world over.

If there is the hint of an American accent in the styling of the new front grille it has been translated into decent English, and the Italian influence on the rear end is no more than acceptance of what is universally acknowledged to be a sound principle of design. The Coote Group has never yielded slavishly to foreign influences.

The Test Unit, which included on this occasion THE

By RONALD COLLIER

MOTOCAR's Technical Editor, Dr. Lawrence Pobjoy, D.Sc. and bar, took over the Corncrake on a wet and windy Friday afternoon from the genial and courteous Coote Group London Sales Manager, and set out on a 400-mile journey to the North. As the Unit boarded the car all were impressed by the ease with which access was obtained through three of the four doors by striking a button several times with the fist.

Four of us—and none a lightweight—were able to sit almost upright on the unsprung individual seats with our heads no more than brushing the tastefully-trimmed roof. However, in these days of austerity (and, one might add, sometimes regrettable departures from the sartorial standards of yesterday) the average motorist is more than willing to sacrifice

hat-room for the economy and aerodynamic advantages of a low roof-line.

The Corncrake's 10 h.p. four-cylinder, slide-valve engine, now mounted flexibly on synthetic cotton-wool blocks, is a trusty power unit that has called for little or no modification over the years since Sir (then Mr.) Wilbraham Coote shrewdly purchased the patent rights in its German prototype from the Custodian of Enemy Property in 1919. The motor ticked over in almost uncanny silence until first gear was engaged, producing no more noise than a concrete-mixer—although synchromesh is absent on this ratio—and accompanied by that familiar tooth-jarring judder from the sturdy single-plate clutch that is an eccentricity beloved by Cootemaster enthusiasts in six continents.

Economy being the mother of automobile invention, the Corncrake relies on only two speeds, yet so shrewdly chosen are the ratios that four inmates of the box would seem superfluous. Reverse gear has been daringly but effectively abolished—thereby greatly reducing production costs—since the machine is easily *pushed* backwards by four average adults by virtue of its low (dry) weight of 30 cwt. But make no mistake, this is still a gear-box to be savoured by the most discriminating *pilote*, affording an extraordinary surge of torque in the indirect ratio. It was therefore unfortunate perhaps that the steering-column-mounted gear-lever snapped off in the driver's hand as we essayed the ascent of Amersham Hill, travelling at what our sporting colleague "Grand Prix" would call "full chat." A trifling fault in the linkages (which are possibly a draw-back of this American-fangled system) was soon tracked down, and a new lever was supplied and fitted by the local Coote Group distributor. (*Editor's Note: This small fault has been rectified in current production models, the makers inform us.*)

During another fifty miles of fastish motoring in more than average comfort, we were able to put the Corncrake through some stiff paces. She responded effortlessly to every demand.

Suffice it to say in detail that, given straight, uncrowded roads (a blessed rarity in This England to-day!), the machine with four up can extract forty miles from the hour without strain. At one point, descending a gradient of 1 in 5 outside the charming walled town of Oswaldtwistle, an indicated 50 knots was achieved, though a sharp hint of valve "bounce" from under the bonnet brought the driver's foot prudently off the comfortable, organ-type accelerator pedal. The incident demonstrated once again the inadvisability of pushing r.p.m. beyond the limits carefully laid down by motor-car manufacturers.

Steering was light yet firm enough to require a solid wrench when it was desired to change the car's direction. And if there was a trace of oversteer—as Dr. Pobjoy remarked, biting into a beef sandwich—"So what, Mac?"

On the bends the Corncrake can surely hold its own with all but the most expensive sports models. Slide it may,



The Corncrake nearing the summit of Amersham Hill

especially under the wet conditions faced by the Test Unit, but the skidding can be controlled, after a little practice, by "sawing" violently with the well-positioned, spokeless steering wheel in the approved Grand Prix manner.

We would be failing in our critical duty if we omitted here a reference to the fact that when we came to restart the car (by light pressure on a neat red button) we discovered that the power unit was still idling, though the ignition switch was at the "off" position recommended in the makers' handbook. The phenomenon of pre-ignition was ultimately identified as the cause of our troubles—and this, of course, was agreed to be natural enough in a new machine pushed as hard as the Test Unit had pushed the faithful Corncrake all evening. (*Editor's Note: This small fault has been rectified in current production models, the makers inform us.*)

The night that encompassed us now was abnormally black, due to the continued inclement weather, as we motored on to our next objective—Barnoldswick, with its ivy-mantled black-pudding works and toffee-mine. The going was hard, but Dr. Pobjoy, who had retired to the rear seat with the last packet of sandwiches, kept us wakeful and enthralled with tales of eating his way through the *Massif Central* in a Panhard-Levassor, matching the car against a slow French goods train (and emerging the victor—no inconsiderable feat in those early days).

Without further testing of the unique Corncrake carbide lighting system—which ingeniously combines the head and sidelights in one beam by an entirely new optical principle—it would be captious to carp at a certain difficulty in seeing more than twenty yards ahead which all of us encountered. Certes, however, the lights were adequate to warn oncoming traffic of our approach, while never threatening to distract our passing motorist friends by "dazzle." And the Test Unit unanimously agreed that the lighting bore no share of responsibility for the Corncrake picking off two cyclists outside Heckmondwike with its pretty village duck pond.

The trip was completed without further incident, and as

we breakfasted, tired but happy, on delectable dried eggs at a tiny Newcastle restaurant (which shall be nameless at the request of the Technical Editor), we compared notes of our impressions of the Corncrake. The verdict was unanimous. "The 1955 Cootemaster Corncrake is no mean inheritor of the name that is now a motoring by-word, and is a worthy upholder of the great traditions of British engineering," we chorused, and hoped the Editor would agree to use this phrase.

The accompanying data, turned up during tests on THE MOTOCAR's proving ground, will afford the technically-minded all the information they need, but a word or two should be added about the Corncrake's trim and finish. Upholstered in tastefully-tartaned, self-cleaning Rhinoid, all seats face forward (a thoughtful feature), the driver's position being adjustable by an ingenious system of ratchets and sprockets. Four draught-proof, non-opening windows enable all occupants to look sideways out of the car by lowering their chins to their chests. Instruments have been dramatically reduced to a single dial—mounted on a refreshingly simple fascia board of unpolished tin—which indicates the car's speed in well-calibrated terms of miles per hour and gives an accurate

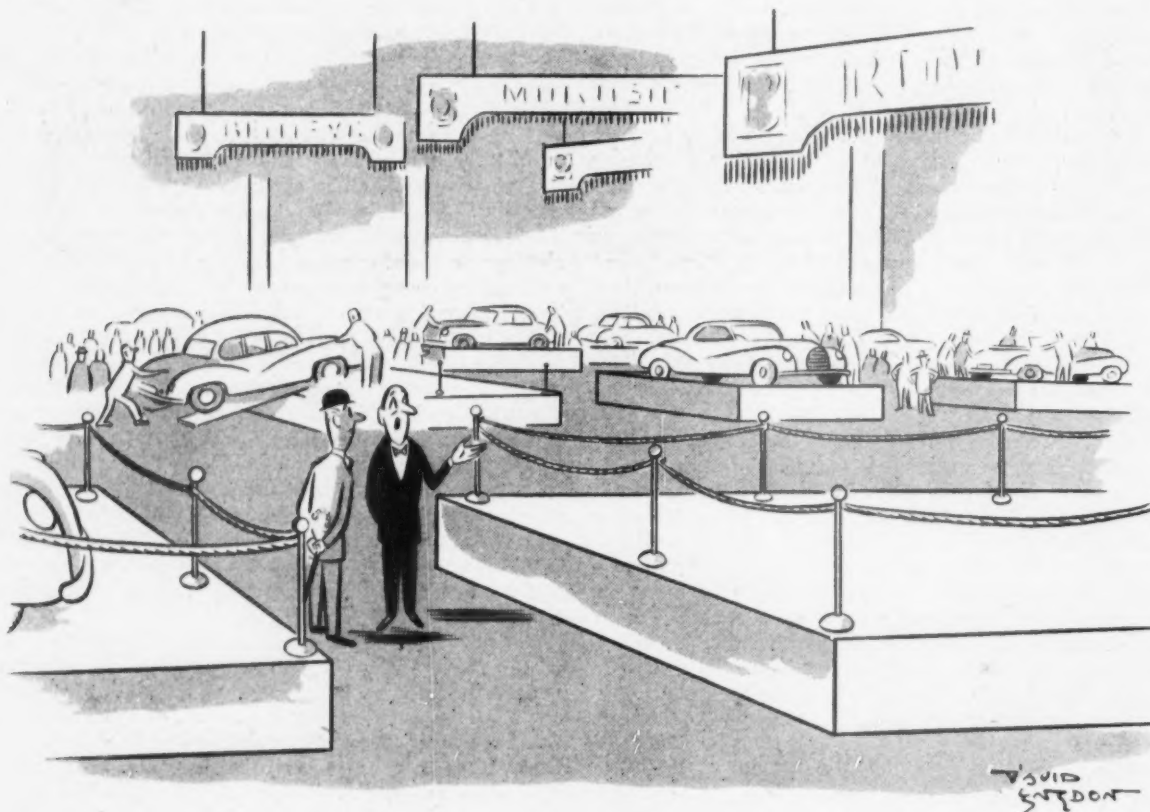
estimate of the fuel contained at any given moment in the sensibly-placed rear tank.

Ample luggage for four may be carried by fitting a well-built roof-rack (optional extra), and clearing the roomy boot of the tool-kit and spare wheel (which Dr. Pobjoy found he could comfortably carry on his lap for considerable stretches without fatigue). Finally, a word to the fair sex, whose influence on automobile fashion has been such a feature of these post-war years: the Corncrake is available in an attractive range of three-tone pastel finishes devised in co-operation with the British Colour-blind Council and the Bottom Twelve Dress Designers.

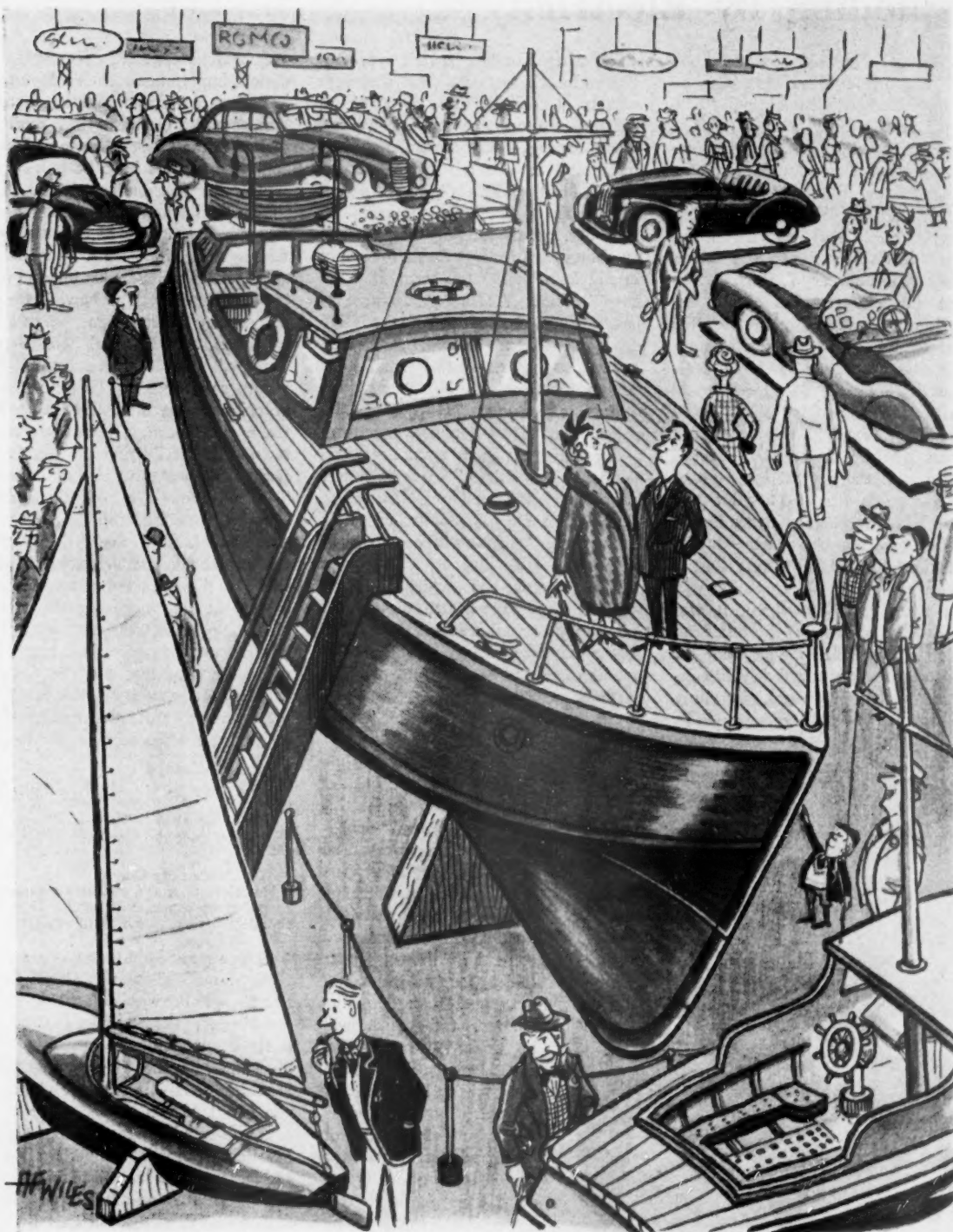
Try it Side-Saddle

"Mr. George Tee, who organised pony rides at Stamford, who is sitting fete on Saturday, seen Saints' fete at Stamford. Susan Hewerdine (on the Judith Holt. Below is a (at the pony's head), and the pony), Hilary Deed tea-time scene at the All with Celia Aughton and This was opened by Lady ford St. Martin's church nearest the camera."

Caption in Lincoln, Rutland & Stamford Mercury



"It was to be the Car of the Year, but it had to be sent back for rear reflectors."



"...and you'll change it if he already has one?"

Exploding by Electricity

By H. F. ELLIS



At Stand No. 102 you could see "The Most Up-to-date Car on the Market," combining Reliability, Simplicity, Perfect Balance, Silence of Running, Absence of Vibration and Ample Power, with the ability to "climb any hill." This was the Maudslay 20 H.P. Wagonette Omnibus (with removable top), on view at the Automobile Show at the Crystal Palace, January 30 to February 7, 1903.

The interesting point about this advertisement, which I quote from the official catalogue of that far-off Show, is that cars were already, at this early date, called "cars." My guess would have been that people talked about "motors" or "motor cars" right up to the first World War, and that "cars" came in with the general break-up of moral standards after 1914. But it is not so. There is ample evidence in this 1903 catalogue that the shortened form was well established at the very start of the century.

Just when, and by whom, it was decided that "motor car" (in one form or another) was the proper term for these strange new petrol-driven contrivances is anybody's guess. Certainly the question was still wide open in

1896, when London had its very first Show, for the catalogue for that year reveals a considerable diversity of opinion. Autocar, auto car, petro car, motor carriage—such were the spirited fumbings of the advertisers of the time. For the officially-sponsored term "horseless carriage" manufacturers had little use, rightly judging that, even in an abbreviated form ("Come for a spin in my horseless?") the term, like the later "wireless," was too negative to last. Even the editor of the 1896 catalogue, Mr. A. R. Sennett, A.M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.E.E., had his doubts, for though he boldly heads his introductory essay "Horseless Carriages," he does not use the term again, preferring such circumlocutions as "the new mode of mechanical locomotion" and "self-propelled vehicular road propulsion," or (when really cornered) "non-corn-consuming Pegasus."

The sentence in which Pegasus appears is perhaps worth quoting in full, partly because it shows the anxiety of the pioneers that motoring should not be dismissed as a mere sport, and partly because it provides, if read aloud, an interesting exercise in the art of breath-control.

"It is sincerely to be hoped that the particular habitude under which this transilience in modern locomotion has commenced—namely, by the appearance in France, Germany and America of extremely light vehicles intended (especially in the latter States) for personal transport and recreative discursion, and which will be, indeed we may say have been, seized upon with avidity by the dilettante as a novelty, and as a pleasurable means of recreative *passetemps*; for we know personally of more than one such unobstreperous and non-corn-consuming Pegasus being at this moment confined to the stables of such owners—may not

create an erroneous impression of the serious importance of such a departure."

Serious and important the departure was, as well we know to-day. But to the visitor to the Crystal Palace in 1896 its importance must have been less clear. This was preponderantly a horse-drawn exhibition. One has to plough through sixty pages of exhibits in the Carriage Section—state coaches and carriages, the State Chariot and Umbrella of ex-King Theobaw, Clarendons, diligences, Broughams, calèches, cabriolets, an "Imperial Sociable with Canopy," gigs, landaus, coupés, Victorias, collections of Historic Bits, a Gilt Nose-piece and Checks lent by H.M. the Queen, a Soudanese saddle sewn with gazelle sinew, taken from a Dervish Emir at the action of Toski and lent by Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, late Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and innumerable (if Mr. Sennett will forgive my, by no means intentional whatever the appearances, transcension, if only in length, of his parenthesis) items only indirectly connected with horses, such as an original black-and-white drawing, lent by *The Graphic*, entitled "Attacked by a Rhinoceros"—before reaching the five meagre pages devoted to the new mode of locomotion.

Emile Delahaye

Horseless Wagonette, to carry six persons, driven by double-cylinder benzoline engine, exploding by electricity, and provided with water jacket cooling arrangement on the fore-carriage.

The Decauville Co.

Horseless Carriage, to carry six persons, propelled by steam, and fitted with a non-explosible boiler, which contains no water.

Such were two of the sensations of the 1896 Show. There was also a Steam Bicycle, $\frac{1}{2}$ H.P., with detachable engine and boiler; the Britannia Company ("No connection with any other firm of similar name") presented their Horseless four-wheeled Dog-Cart; and you could, if you wished, have a run in the Grounds in the Cowper-Cowles Petroleum-propelled Tricycle. But, by and large, the horses still had it.

Between 1896 and 1903 a number of Motor Shows were organized by rival promoters, but it was in the latter year that the newly-formed Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders held what may claim to have been the first fully

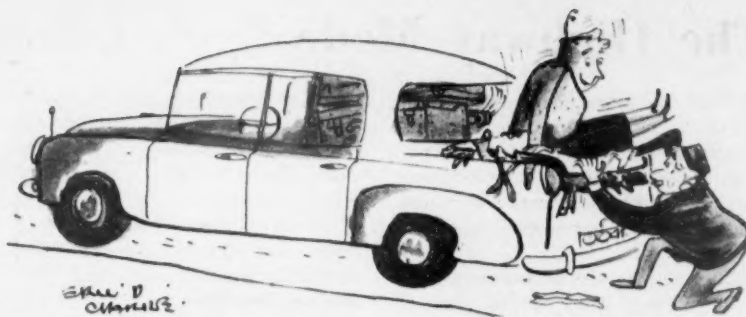


supported "national" Show, with over two hundred firms from Britain and abroad exhibiting. A number—perhaps a dozen—of the names have weathered the intervening fifty years and still survive. But where are the Voiturettes, the De Dietrichs, the silent, vibrationless Wilson-Pilchers? Where is the Ten H.P. Chenard-Walcker? What has become of the Gobron Brillié Double Phaeton, the Noiseless "Primus" ("There is no Pump. No Mechanical Trembler") offered at 175 guineas, the Wartburg ("No Chains! No Belts"!)? Where, in the field of accessories—called, one regrets to note, "motor-alities" by one advertiser—is the mysterious Bell-Odometer, the Rocher Sprag, the Notadudignum Coat (Patent applied for), the Pantrug, which is unfortunately not illustrated. And when, for that matter, did the Patent "Compound" Foot Pump, as supplied

to
 "HIS MAJESTY THE KING
 THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
 THE PRIME MINISTER
 and most of the leading Automobilists"

give way before the march of progress?

I think I can answer that last one. In the catalogue of the very next Show (1904) the "Pompeii" makes its appearance. "This marvellous pump is attached permanently to the engine by one single little fitting, and the MOTOR PUMPS THE TYRES. No exertion. No trouble." Balfour at least, of the



three leading "Compound" users, must have fallen for an appeal like that.

Browsing (by the courtesy of Mr. Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of M.M. & T.) through these old Show catalogues, I took a leap to 1912, to see what another eight years or so had done for the industry. It had done a lot. The 1912 catalogue reeks of prosperity and efficiency. The early amateurishness has altogether gone. We have reached the age of detailed Specifications, of shock-absorbers and torsion rods, of forced lubrication and bevel drives, of patent cantilever suspension and West of England striped woollen cloth upholstery with silk laces to match, even of Deferred Payments. The term "streamline" occurs. "Roadability" has yet to rear its head, but "flexible" is with us. The Delaunay Belleville, most nobly named of all horseless carriages, is on Stand No. 66, and the band of the Coldstream Guards dis-

courses "The Dollar Princess," "Everybody's Doing It" and "Alexandra's (sic) Ragtime Band" thrice daily.

It is a gay scene, as it unfolds itself in the four hundred and twenty-five pages of the 1912 catalogue. Gayest of all, perhaps, when viewed from the Light Refreshment Room in the Gallery (Whisky 4d, Port, Sherry or Claret 4d, Liqueur brandy 6d, Cigars 3d, 4d, 6d, 9d, or 1/-). But it is dead and gone now. The Leon Bollées and the Brasiers, the Maudslays and the Phonomobiles, even the majestic Delaunay Belleville—all are lost and done for, gone up in smoke with the threepenny cigars. A new race of non-corn-consuming monsters awaits inspection at Earl's Court. "We must not, therefore," as Mr. Sennett says somewhere, "detain our indulgent reader longer, but commend to his impartial consideration the display of vehicles by masters in the art which he will find set out before him."

To a Salesman

NO, do not move. I like to see you lean
 One-handed, thus, upon the sleek machine,
 Like it resplendent, and as highly styled;
 Both unfamiliar and both undefiled:
 Both seeming somehow mainly built for show,
 Not going nor, alas, designed to go.
 This splendid shape, that does not move or speak,
 Springs from an earlier, more refined technique,
 Which laid more emphasis on social chic
 Than the mere knowing what made motors tick.

But is this wisdom in a world in which
 Neither the poor are poor nor the rich rich;
 Where self-propulsion is the right of all,
 And cars so all-pervading that the small
 Are paid for week by week in small amounts,
 And the large largely on expense accounts?
 Can any man, with prices as they are,
 Mount the high horse to sell a low-priced car?

You should descend to meet the likes of me;
 Judge me a fool, but suffer me with glee;
 Work on my weaknesses with not so much
 The princely as the Wilfred Pickles touch;
 Disarm my doubting with an anecdote;
 And not look too unkindly at my coat.

You cannot tell. I might be someone's heir.
 I might have credit or the cash to spare.
 It is not outside hope that even I,
 Who came to envy, should remain to buy,
 Should cast off caution and increase the
 horde
 Of common men with cars they can't afford.

But do not move. I like you as you are,
 Apparent part and parcel of the car.
 And since I cannot buy, it is as well
 That you for your part should not wish to sell.

P. M. HUBBARD

The Highway Mode

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

IN the literature of the motor trade the lady of the brochure is a constantly recurring character. Manufacturers are convinced that the acute angle is the feminine angle; men may hold the purse, but women loose the strings.

Thus we see the lady preening in vanity mirrors fixed to the back of sun-visors. We see her adjusting the driving seat at a touch of a rose-red finger-tip; lighting her cigarette from an electric element in the fascia panel; switching on the radio, the heater, the de-mister, the de-froster. Her nyloned limbs disappear unsnagged through *extra* wide doorways; she stows parcels into *extra* large cubby-holes; she coyly curls up in the *extra* large luggage locker, to show that even she isn't too big for her boot.

As a passenger, there she is in the smart open sports car, smiling the frank open sports grin of the girl who has paid her share of the petrol. There, in the family models, is Mum—looking nice, of course—with the grown-up daughters relaxed on the rear seat in foam-cushioned comfort, with friend (ample leg-space for three full-sized adults). Only the big power-and-prestige cars, the cars which claim to be sired by the great rally-bred champions, attempt no feminine appeal. Too difficult, perhaps, to portray a lady who, to match the car, must be "dignified yet fast."

The lady of the brochure, none will deny it, is a product of the assembly lines. She has a synthetic polish, a high-gloss metallic finish; but she lacks the patina imparted by carriage ancestry. She does not convey that air of mingled serious-

ness and insouciance, that illusion of fragility, which is the chief charm of the lady at the wheel... the tiny gloved hand controlling a dynamic machine surging with illimitable power.

But such is the impression that will be given this winter by those who know their Highway Mode. First, the tiny gloved hand. It must be tiny. No big fur gauntlets or husky sheepskins shall rest on the ivory steering wheels of 1955.

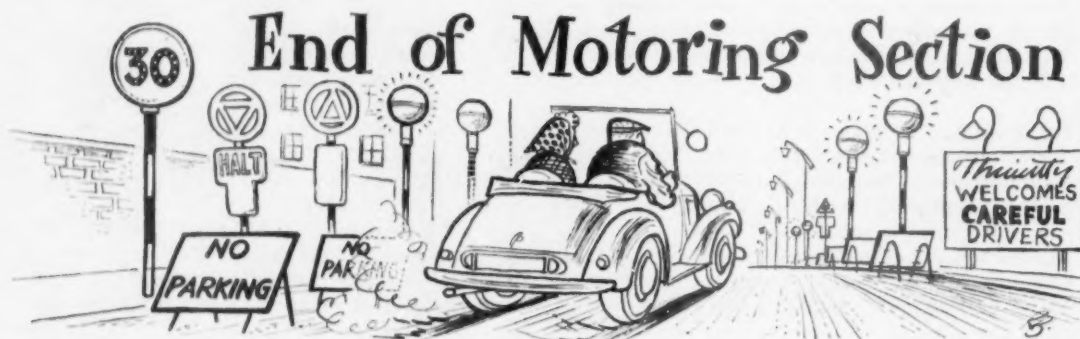
Softest reversed lambskins are the stoutest, and peccary hogskins are preferred. These may have detachable wool linings, to be taken out at the destination to leave a neat town glove. String-backed, leather-palmed gloves can now be bought in reverse for driving; that is, with string palms and leather backs. And new gloves from France fasten with buckles on top of the wrist.

The face, framed by the car window, must itself be framed by a hat; even in open cars the windswept look has blown itself out. Renée Pavy makes *soigné* turbans of fine wool jersey which completely cover the hair and are worn under matching hats. Her Mithras helmet, pagan in brocade, also appears in jersey as a convertible, which can be lowered into a Jaques Fath beret; that is, a beret with a back chignon, a kind

of *coupe de ville*. Paulette makes cloche hats with attached stockinette snoods, and her "Courant d'air" beret has a snood with tie ends like a scarf. Simone Mirman's tweed beret, with leather thong threaded round to a rear buckle, gives a coachbuilt finish to any turn-out such as Nina Ricci's tweed cardigan suit with its separate cape collar, or Mattli's pebble tweed coat over tweed dress with jersey top.

Most motoring coats have bright wool linings. Tartan, repeated in tartan seat covers, is first-rate *auto-couture*. The fur-lined cloth top-coats of the Paris collections have their modest counterpart in coats lined with nylon fur, which, being uncrushable and spongeable, has virtue as well as modesty. Fur coats themselves are very tailored for out of town; a short Persian lamb reefer, with bone buttons and back vent; a collarless mole-skin jacket worn with cravat and leather belt. For mole has surfaced again and staged an up-to-date entrance as blond mole—ladies prefer blonds this season, whether it be blond mink, blond beaver, or blond bunny.

The essential slim skirt all too easily suffers from driving strain. But a skirt has been devised with inverted pleats which can be closed with zip fasteners. Unzipped in the car, the pleats have a graceful fall; zipped up on arrival, the lady appears impeccably pencil slim, of an elegance worthy to have white-walled tyres, chrome rimblishers, and all the other optional extras lavished upon her. Which is as it should be. For if, as it seems from the brochures, the one essential is luxury, then optional extras are the things we simply cannot do without.





Postman's Knock

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

"AMERICA," said the visitor thoughtfully. "What wealth we see on every side. What prosperity! Strange that it should have no leisure class." And scarcely had the words left his lips when from a dozen parts of the room came the reply "What price the New York postal officials?" The point was well taken. There is unquestionably a languor about these public servants who (sooner or later) deliver our mail that irresistibly recalls to the student of Tennyson the poem "The Lotos Eaters." It is curious that in a city so devoted to hustle these gentle, dreamy men should co-exist.

Letters in New York are not, as is sometimes supposed, delivered by ox cart. We have regular postmen who come once a day. (It used to be twice, but the strain was too much.) Not all these postmen pursue orthodox methods. There are individualists in their ranks. On Thursday, August 12, one of them in Hempstead, Long Island, starting out to do his round and finding the day somewhat warm, decided to take time off for a swim.

Nothing strange about that, you will say. We all like a dip in the summer months, do we not? But this postman, before entering the water, took from his bag all letters which he knew would

involve him in climbing stairs and set them adrift in a shoe box.

The shoe box, proving surprisingly seaworthy, carried on along the coast, and on the following Monday came ashore at Lido Beach, fifteen miles westward, its cargo intact, and the incident has made a profound impression at headquarters.

"Do you know," said the head Lotos Eater to the second Lotos Eater, "I believe old George has got something here."

It was the speed of the thing—a bare four days from shoe box to shore—that impressed him, for he was thinking of the postcard, posted in New York in



the shelf.



"What was that? Pass it on."

1912, which did not reach its destination in Brooklyn till July 1954, and even he, though

*"... if his fellow spoke
His voice was thin, as voices from the
grave,
And deep asleep he seemed..."*

could see that this was taking one's time over the thing a bit. The shoe-box system, so much more efficient, will probably be adopted.

From the above you will have gathered that the New York post office is far from being perfect. True. But it serves a purpose. It acts as a safety valve, giving the citizenry something to write to the papers about. Everyone remembers the impressive words of the Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created

equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness and freedom at all times to knock the post office.

In New York this has succeeded baseball as the popular sport and it is most beneficial. The New Yorker wakes up in the morning feeling a bit livery, and instead of snarling at the wife and tots hurries to his desk and pens a stinker to the Press about the post office. "Sir," he begins, and by the time he has finished he has got the poison out of his system and is once more the sunny, beaming householder whose merry smile is a byword in his suburb.

And he always has plenty of material for these stinkeroos. At the moment Brooklyn is aflame. Howls of indignation are going up from across the bridge

because the postal authorities, putting up some new mail boxes, included Brooklyn in the "Out of Town Only" category.

"Sir," wrote one outraged Brooklynite, a rather milder man than the majority of the correspondents, "I resent this snide implication. What and where would New York be without Brooklyn? Maligned for many years by ill-bred radio comics as a town of low-brows who say Greenpernt instead of Greenpoint, Brooklyn has suffered in silence. But this is the last straw. We refuse to be disinherited by the post office and we will certainly not take this lying down."

He meant "laying down," of course, but one sees his pernt.

Myself, I like the New York post office. "Courage, post office," I sometimes say. "Wodehouse is with you." It is absurd to claim that it never delivers letters. It frequently delivers letters. And not long ago I was in a position to bring the roses back to its cheeks with a kindly word of praise. Somebody in England wrote to me and, either being pressed for time or ignorant of the exact spot where I was suspended, addressed the envelope:

P. G. Wodehouse
America

It reached me without any delay, and I was rather fulsome in my letter to the *Herald-Tribune* on the subject. And what happened? A general chorus of approval and congratulation? Slaps on the back for the head Lotos Eater? "At-a-boy! We always knew you had it in you, old chap"? Torchlight processions and dancing in the streets? Not a bit of it.

"Sir," wrote L. Charles of Dumont, N.J., next day. "In the *Herald-Tribune* (August 16) Mr. P. G. Wodehouse praises the postal authorities for the special privilege he secured in having a letter from England delivered to him despite the fact that the address was merely 'America.' This is contrary to postal regulations, which no longer permit directory service."

"Really," the head Lotos Eater said to me, "it makes a fellow feel like giving the whole thing up and chucking in the towel. I'm not angry," he explained, "just terribly, terribly hurt."

And I could see his lower lip trembling.

Pole Apart

By CHARLES REID

ANDRZEJ PANUFNIK is a lean, swarthy boy of forty. He lives in a Chelsea flat up three flights of steps. From his window he sees the buses, chimney-smoke, news stands and scurry of a relatively free society. Until mid-July his address was Odolanska 20, Warsaw, a poky apartment in a block earmarked for actors, opera singers, pianists and other troubadours of People's Poland. Nearby ran Schuster Street, with the Schuster Palace, turreted, tatty and requisitioned, at the top of it. The palace once belonged to Panufnik's maternal grandfather. But Panufnik is a composer. Composers can do without palaces at a pinch. What they cannot do without is living space for the mind. How much of that did Panufnik enjoy?

Nudges, pep-talk and snubs came to him and a hundred or two other Polish composers from the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party through the Minister of Culture and the inevitable Præsidium of the inevitable Composers' Union. The nudges were often in different keys. It was pretty safe to copy Tchaikovsky, because Tchaikovsky had v.g. marks from the Sacred Cloth Caps who line up yearly on Lenin's Tomb.

"Go easy on the Tchaikovskian glooms, however. Tchaikovsky had a right to be gloomy. He lived under the Czars, and, hell, how he hated them. You live in People's Poland, among lovely new tractors, turbo-generators and downtown skyscraper blocks. For you life is joy unalloyed. And that's how your music's got to sound. Take another look at *Casse-Noisette* and turn out something frilly for the Socialist Future. But one warning word. You are not to be an epigone."

"What is an epigone, comrade?"

"Epigones are composers who copy, er—Tchaikovsky."

"I see. May I be original then?"

"No, comrade, you mayn't. Original composers are composers who *don't* copy Tchaikovsky. Also they are guilty of bourgeois-formalism and West-degeneracy. You wouldn't want to be a Fascist hyena, would you comrade?"

"Well, no, but . . ."

"Right! Now listen carefully. If you'd like a bigger flat and perhaps a

nice car, go home and write a community song hit. Something big, catchy and mobilizing. Something that acclaims power stations, collective farms and Great Leaders of the Socialist Epoch. Something on the lines of Thingummy's *Work, work, work, we're going to work!* which sold I don't know how many million State gramophone records. Something, in short, that the automatic riveter can sing while automatically riveting."

In this ambience Panufnik's case was hopeless from the start. Here was a man who had completed his musical studies before the war in Paris, London, Vienna. The great Felix Weingartner taught him conducting. His reflexes were as conditioned by the corrupting West as a Pavlov dog's are by bangs on tea-trays and selective feeding. He persisted in writing harmonies nobody had heard before—not even the corrupting West. He had only himself to blame for what befell.

His *Rustic Symphony* was considered "injurious to the Socialist Epoch," by a compliant synod of fellow composers. "Your symphony has ceased to live," announced the Minister of Culture in the manner of a doctor unhooking his stethoscope. His *Peace Symphony* got by on its Party-line title at first. Then somebody spotted religious overtones in the choral third movement. So the *Peace Symphony* went to the dust-bin. His orchestral *Nocturne* was publicly asphyxiated by Jasiensky, the Minister's musical adviser, a glib redhead with a long, thin nose and horn-rimmed glasses who once had piano lessons. Jasiensky slapped on the entire set of smear labels: degenerate, demoralizing, experimental, nostalgic, pessimistic, un-Socialist.

Yet Panufnik had his uses. Banned at home, his music was liked abroad. For the cultural prestige of People's Poland he was allowed to conduct it on short-term visas in many European cities,

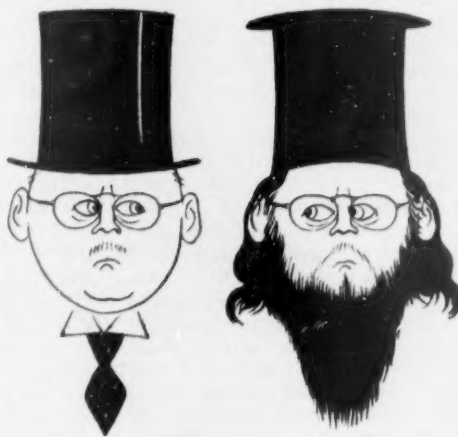
some of them beyond the Curtain. One morning last July he went down to Warsaw airport as if for a casual bus trip—hatless, without raincoat, wearing his shabby Iron Curtain suit with bell-bottom trousers and spiv shoulders. He carried pyjamas, a spare shirt, a spare handkerchief and as many of his scores as he could prudently carry, wrapped in brown paper. It had been officially fixed that he should do a couple of days' conducting for Swiss radio. A security guard was surprised at the quantity of music he was taking. "I *must* take enough for the Swiss people to choose from," he explained. The guard, satisfied, stamped his papers. Boarding the 'plane, he mentally said good-bye to Poland. His conscience was easy. He no longer had any near-relatives living there who might take the rap.

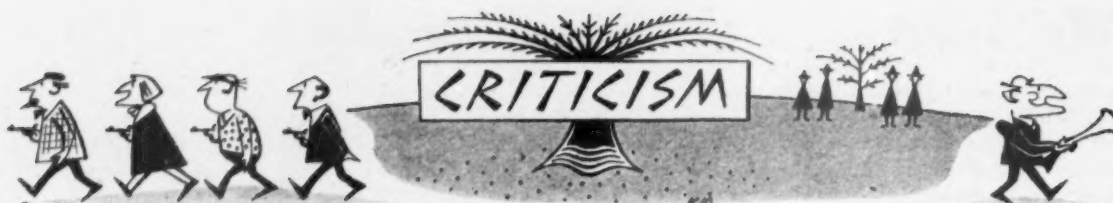
Some days later Panufnik touched down at London airport, a refugee. From the *Nocturne*, which he has since conducted at the Festival Hall, I judge him an acquisition to Western music. Meantime the Polish Composers' Union has expelled him from its ranks and denounces him as a traitor to Poland. All this means is that he has been true to music.

There's Always a Reason

"Some bus services may be curtailed on account of the state visit of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia."

Notice in Old Broad Street





BOOKING OFFICE In Lamb's Clothing

Lord M. David Cecil. *Constable, 21/-*

LORD MELBOURNE (1779-1848), although conservative enough at heart and a Whig chiefly on account of family connections, possessed to a high degree that supremely Whig characteristic of wanting to have your cake and eat it. However, in him this representative—indeed almost essential—principle of his party's tenets took a comparatively unusual form. He was, for example, not in the least like his colleague, Lord Durham, a politician of the advanced Left, for ever preoccupied with the acquisition of an earldom on the ground that "the richest commoner in England should not be the last of her barons." Durham's attitude is commonplace in his circumstances. Melbourne was a more complex figure. Lord David Cecil's admirable second volume of biography does much to reveal and explain some contradictions of his behaviour.

It will be remembered that scandal accounted Melbourne a Wyndham by birth, rather than a Lamb. His early married life with Lady Caroline Ponsonby had been painful to a degree. She had died in 1828, leaving her husband with a mentally deficient son, who survived into his late twenties. A long career in the House of Commons had brought Melbourne plenty of experience but little fame. Then the Whigs came to power. He entered the Cabinet and in 1834 became Prime Minister.

There can be no doubt that the episode which raises the story of Melbourne's career from that of any other second-rate statesman of attractive personality is his relationship with Queen Victoria in the opening years of her reign. Here we have a thoroughly unusual situation. Lord David handles the earlier stages of the rise to fame with considerable adroitness (and a slight plethora of exclamation marks) but, like Melbourne himself, he really comes into his own in the description of Melbourne's association with the Queen.

These scenes are excellently done, and give plenty of food for thought.

What form, then, was taken by Melbourne's desire to have, and to eat, his cake? It seems to me that, in spite of his easy-going façade, he was all his life torn between craving for power and his own eccentricity, melancholy and sensuality; and this need for power is the one aspect of the picture which the



author insufficiently emphasizes. It can undoubtedly be argued that early in life Melbourne did not make any very apparent efforts to gain office, and that the post of Prime Minister came to him almost by chance. Yet the fact remains that the very moderation, indecision and scepticism of his nature made him far the most effective influence within the Whig party.

He loved social life and was a brilliant conversationalist. Enough of his recorded sayings remain for us to know that this reputation was deserved. An enormous eater and certainly not a discreditable drinker, he does not seem ever to have come to terms with himself on the subject of women. To have married Lady Caroline in the first instance certainly shows him as capable of making sacrifices for love. Twice cited as co-respondent, he was twice

dismissed from the case. He left annuities to both ladies.

The former, Lady Branden (*née* La Touche and, therefore, incidentally, a kinswoman of Ruskin's thirteen-year-old passion, Rose La Touche), we know little about; though it looks as if her husband's suspicions may have been justified. The latter, Mrs. Norton, a woman much concerned in interfering in politics, is perhaps a more interesting affair. A letter from Melbourne to her refers to the innocence of their friendship. Contemporaries were sceptical, but it is possible to believe that this intimate, emotional, but finally *conversational* relationship with women—at least the women he met in society—was what he preferred. There was, for example, his attachment to Miss Emily Eden, the novelist.

The portrait that emerges, at least on the surface, is a man of the world of great charm, almost forced into politics by his social position and natural gifts. Yet, when it comes to the point, where matters were concerned that required a tactful man of the world, e.g. the affair of Lady Flora Hastings, or the question of Peel's request that the Queen should dispense with her Whig ladies-in-waiting, Melbourne made a complete hash of things. He was, on the other hand, adept at clinging to power supported by an unreliable, almost non-existent, majority.

This view of him as a man secretly intoxicated with power, loving at the same time the intelligent co-operation in political affairs of a woman, would explain the intensity of his emotional relationship with the Queen. Nothing but an unbridled desire for power can explain the preposterousness of his continued writing to her when out of office. An examination of this theory may add enjoyment to an unusually perceptive biography.

ANTHONY POWELL

Confused Memories

At the End of the Day. Viscount Maugham. Heinemann, 30/-

Lord Maugham is a very old man. At times his autobiography seems to have been put together from paragraphs

written on separate sheets of paper and lightly disordered. One trouble is that it consists of two quite different books muddled together; there is a short autobiography, undistinguished even by the low standards of modern legal autobiography, and long accounts of the two world wars, with some discussion of the diplomacy that led up to them. There are also detached remarks like "An international lawyer may well be uneasy about the use of modern atomic energy shells."

Most of the space in this long book is given to an attack on Lloyd George as a war minister and a defence of Chamberlain's policy, both of them summarizing easily available books at great length. The defence of Munich is an interesting restatement of an unfashionable view; but it caricatures some criticisms of Chamberlain and ignores others, those of Sir Lewis Namier in particular.

R. G. G. P.

The New Oxford History of Music.

Vol. II. Early Medieval Music. Edited by Dom Anselm Hughes. O.U.P., 45/-

Since the first edition of the Oxford History was published, over fifty years ago, an immense amount of specialist research has been carried out, and a vast mass of previously unknown—or at least not readily available—music brought to light. Through these developments the historian's responsibilities have greatly increased, and the present work, eleven volumes in all to be published over a period of years, is an entirely fresh attempt to survey the whole field of musical activity from earliest times to the present day, including the areas of the Eastern churches and Russia, besides those of more primitive societies.

This volume's four hundred pages cover music from early Christian times until about 1300, a period which saw the evolution of polyphony and some measure of rhythmic regularity—the two main factors conditioning the growth of modern Western music.

The many examples set in the text, and transcribed into modern notation, will be most useful to readers who might otherwise feel uninterested in the period; for too many musicians, alas, think of their art only in terms of the less than two hundred years between Bach and Brahms.

J. D.

Guignol's Band. Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Vision, 15/-

This first instalment of a long novel is written in a tortured, slangy style with dots every three or four words, which is wearing to read but serviceable for phantasmagoric description. The narrator is wounded in the first World War and escapes from France to live in the London underworld, where he has a string of fevered experiences among hospitals, docks, brothels, pawnbrokers and railway stations. Much is printed, but what the translators consider unprintable is represented by blocks of

dashes, with an occasional preposition or conjunction to keep the imagination working.

Orwell said that Céline accomplished the difficult feat of making modern life worse than it was; but a quarter of a century after his nihilism first bowled readers over the phoniness of this "exposure" is apparent. The grotesque incidents are brilliantly described, but special cases make bad law. *Guignol's Band* is like a mixture of *The Satyricon* and *The Horse's Mouth*, with a dash of *The Anathemata*. Its outcasts throw about as much light as Borrow's gypsies on the society whose foundations they gnaw.

R. G. G. P.

The Life and Times of Nero. Carlo Maria Franzero. Redman, 18/-

A lively, rather vulgar, but not un-scholarly biography. The villain of the piece is Seneca, an evil counsellor posing as a moralist. Nero himself, vain, cruel and ridiculous, is seen with a certain sympathy, and retains vestigial heroic qualities until after his death, when the face of his corpse suffers "a terrible change" and becomes "the image of folly and dissolution," thus anticipating the apotheosis of Dorian Gray by 1,827 years.

Signor Franzero's Nero is essentially an artist *manqué*, as pathetic in his way as a scraping violinist in the gutter. Of course he does not "fiddle while Rome burns"; on the contrary, he is out in the narrow streets, doing what he can, trying to rally his people. The story of Nero's setting fire to Rome so that he might sing to the accompaniment of the flames is recorded as a libel put about by Hilliel the Jew. However, at the time of that revolt which Galba led and which brought about the emperor's undoing, Nero, Signor Franzero writes, dined well and "composed satirical verses." Such verses he might well, as a votary

of Bacchus, have composed; but other historians prompt the reader to suspect that the verses were in fact satirical.

M. C.

Portugal and Madeira. Sacheverell Sitwell. Batsford, 18/-

In 1926 Sacheverell Sitwell was drawn by Beckford's *Letters to Portugal*; to-day, a few old towns and convents excepted, he has covered the country and offers us the crystallized fruit. He writes of "the west façade of the cathedral of Santiago, built of golden stone, loaded with statues as a Hindu pagoda, nodding on a summer night with snapdragons and weeds"; he sings the praises of the Queen of the Night in Madeira, of the Uganda Flame Tree, apparently transplanted from some celestial game preserve. He shows us Dom José on his bronze circus horse verdigrised by the Lisbon sea breezes, and he leads us along the fantastic rows of gilded coaches in the riding school at Belém. We listen to the musical pine woods, wonder at the flamboyance of the cathedral organ at Braga; we gaze at the firmament as blue as a bird's egg or the sumptuous decorations of the university library at Coimbra. Mr. Sitwell is an ideal traveller: his pleasures are spontaneous and whole-hearted, subtle and simple; his appreciation is catholic and deliciously expressed.

J. R.

AT THE PLAY

Can-Can (COLISEUM)
Oxford Accents
(NEW WATERGATE)

THE first genuinely funny moment in *Can-Can* comes in the fifteenth scene, two hours and forty-five minutes after the rise of the curtain, when a bogus sculptor embroiled with a professional duellist suffers all the agonies of being drawn and quartered while



watching the accomplished limbering-up of his adversary. By then this very disappointing musical, the heaviest freight to cross the Atlantic for a long time, is nearly over. We have seen a squad of beautiful girls whisking their skirts over their heads until the scantiest underwear has become the dullest uniform in the world, we have been embarrassed by a ballet between Eve and a fig leaf and a bunch of prurient animals which must be one of the most tasteless exhibitions that can ever have been offered to the public as entertainment, we have watched an apache dance more synthetic than even the horseplay of Petruccio, we have listened to flat-footed music-hall jokes about modern art and prostitution, we have tried and failed to take an interest in the leaden love affair of an upright judge and a downright cocotte, we have waited hopefully for some faint authentic flavour of Montmartre, and we have wondered sadly what has happened to the old magic of COLE PORTER.

For his lyrics have scarcely more wit than ABE BURROWS' book, and his Can-Can music is not nearly so warming as the stock stuff of the *Bal Tabarin*. His true form is only reached in a song, "I Love Paris," which is charming, and sung well by IRENE HILDA. But charm is not a word one can easily associate with this production, although, as one has to keep reminding oneself, it deals with Paris in the 'nineties.

Neither in the accents nor the style of the cast is there any recognizable com-

mon denominator. Miss HILDA plays the cabaret proprietress, the Judge's moll, as a diamond-hard business woman, with little comic edge. Against her slightly broken English the Judge is strongly American. EDMUND HOCKRIDGE makes him vocally a big gun, but a gun of unnecessarily heavy bore. Such light-heartedness as is going owes nearly everything to GILLIAN LYNNE, as the Can-Can leader, to ALFRED MARKS and GEORGE GEE. And to the Can-Can girls themselves, whose skill and precision is far the most expert thing in the whole evening, providing in the last scene a tumult of gaiety which arrives too late. JO MIELZINER's sets are elaborate without suggesting, at least for me, very much of Paris; though to arrange an artist's studio above the level of the Eiffel Tower is perhaps a minor triumph. And MOTLEY, who have done the dresses, only become exciting in the ballet animals, where their melancholy penguin is wonderful.

This vast and amorphous hotch-potch must have cost a mint of money, and an army of devoted people must have laboured to assemble it. Poor souls, they might have been better employed.

This year's invasion of the capital by revues from Oxford and Cambridge is a tonic counter to gloomy reports that the modern undergraduate is killing himself with work. At least a few intrepid spirits still stand sufficiently wide of the academic treadmill to get a decently

satiric view of the larger lunacies. *Oxford Accents* is smaller than the recent Cambridge irruption, and includes both sexes equally in its team of six. In some ways more amateur, in others it is more grown up. Singing voices are short, but this scarcely matters in a theatre as minute as the Watergate; more important, the successful numbers in an admittedly patchy programme have something to say and are put over with a good deal of talent and a great deal of personal charm.

MARGARET SMITH and LEONARD WEBB are the two members of the cast we are most likely to see again. Miss SMITH's dry irony and pretty sense of timing are at their best when she gives us a cinema recruit making her first foray down the aisle with a tray of ice-cream, and a myopic girl debating the unaphrodisiac benefits of spectacles. Mr. WEBB (like Jonathan Miller of Cambridge) has obviously heard of Danny Kaye. A natural mime, he attacks with whirlwind exuberance, and knows the value of the irrelevant gag. He is amusing in a punting lesson, and a runaway turn at a music-hall, but I liked him most as a reluctant old boy at one of the annual orgies of ritual nostalgia which foreigners find so difficult to understand. Of several neat sketches the funniest shows four uneasy entertainers reciting a Russian play to a ship's company in a gruelling swell. Any professional revue would have been glad of such an enviable idea.

Recommended

Separate Tables (St. James's), Rattigan's new double bill, with Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman. And two elderly winners, *The Teahouse of the August Moon* (Her Majesty's), America laughing at herself, and *Airs on a Shoe-string* (Royal Court), a model intimate revue. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE GALLERY



AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF FINE PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS (Agnew's, Old Bond Street —Closes Nov. 20)

AMONG the vast hordes which haunt the public collections in all our great cities (except, it would appear from not infrequent visits, those of the two centres of education, Oxford and Cambridge, with their respective gems the Ashmolean and the FitzWilliam Museums) it is to be assumed, and certainly hoped, that, for a proportion, the old masters will at some time discard their garb of mysterious aloofness and come to life. It is to these "senior students" and to the more experienced and therefore more humble, both of collectors and painters, able in varying degrees to find their way about the works of the past, with all the attendant surprises and thrills thereby entailed, that this exhibition will appeal.



Judge Aristide Forestier—MR. EDMUND HOCKRIDGE

La Mome Pistache—MISS IRENE HILDA

[Can-Can

Covering a wide range, from the Siennese Primitive Sano di Pietro to Bonington and even later English landscapists, the exhibition representing a fine conservative taste lays stress on the representational skill and virtuosity, serenity and *joie de vivre*, of a number of minor artists, rather than on the supreme qualities, whatever these may be, of the greatest masters.

In this mood and in this atmosphere the visitor can feel joy at the sparkling golden light in two rather fanciful Bay of Naples scenes, without any sense of guilt that the artist Pietro Fabris (a sort of Neapolitan Fragonard) was previously unknown to him. Equally the unfamiliar C. de Hoogh (no relation to Pieter de Hoogh) has supplied a rich and resonant landscape with figures, Rembrandtesque in influence, both as to the character of the figures, and the dramatic use of light and shade. These canvases, like all in the exhibition, are in an admirable state of cleanliness and clarity, without showing in the least degree signs of being overscrubbed, a fault which, fantastic as it may seem, is, alas, by no means unknown in recent times among the finest works.

In this connection, I can think of no better opportunity for painting students of seeing "into the works" of chiaroscuro (light and shade) painting than that afforded by the undramatized David toying with the decapitated, though unruffled, head of Goliath, by Caracciolo.

The show makes a brave ensemble on the maroon velvet walls of Bond Street's finest gallery. And before leaving the Zucarellis and the Canaletto, among other notable works so admirably shown there, mention should be made of the lighter mood supplied by a caricatured group of men, a rarity from the brush of Reynolds.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

AT THE PICTURES

Rear Window
Lease of Life

UNLIKE some of the limiting conventions with which ALFRED HITCHCOCK has in the past lighted to make things difficult for himself, the one that governs his new film *Rear Window* is a real film idea, in its essence cinematic. The one room of *Dial M for Murder* and still more the "ten-minute take" of *Rope* were approaches to the theatre; but the new film, though its focus is one room, uses the window of that room—or the eye behind it—as the lens of its camera, and tells its story as only a film could.

The whole point depends on this one personal view. A magazine photographer, immobilized by a broken leg acquired in the line of duty, sits all day—and part of the night—looking out of his window at what he can see of the life in the other neighbouring flats; and so doing, he comes to the conclusion that one of the people opposite has committed a murder



[Rear Window]

Lisa Freemont—GRACE KELLY

Jeff—JAMES STEWART

and is in process of getting away with it. The story traces the growth of his suspicion and his efforts to convince people more mobile—his girl, and the insurance-company nurse who comes to massage him, and his old friend who happens to be a police detective—that something ought to be done.

The piece is advertised as if it were a characteristic example of Mr. HITCHCOCK's celebrated way with suspense, and some writers seem to agree that it is; but in fact the one big moment of suspense turns up fairly late in the story, and for a great part of its length the film struck me as unusually light and amusing for a Hitchcock work. A good deal of attention is paid to the romantic problems of the photographer (JAMES STEWART) and the girl (GRACE KELLY)—he refuses to believe that their marriage would work, because she could never put up with the roving life that he enjoys. Presumably by the end of the picture this situation was happily settled, but the fact that I can't remember how indicates that it is essentially a piece of decoration, like the entertaining and sometimes touching glimpses of the other neighbours who do not appear to have committed murder.

The point is that all the decoration is enjoyable for its own sake, and the particular theme holds the whole thing together and provides a powerfully exciting climax. I liked it.

Lease of Life (Director: CHARLES FREND) has been called "boring," but not by me. Certainly it is a quiet, gentle, far from sensational story; but I reserve the adjective "boring" for things I find wearisome enough to leave before—sometimes more than an hour before—the end.

This, in its sober unpretentious way, kept me perfectly well entertained and interested in its characters.

It is a simple story in something like the Trollope convention, about a country vicar. True, the mainspring of the plot is the familiar one of the doctor's warning ("not long to live"), as the title suggests; but several incidentals—cathedral-town church politics, the temptation of a hoard of money, and other problems concerning property—recall Trollope. It is odd to note that a background and atmosphere that must be recognizably everyday to a great number of people make so fresh and interesting an impression. The pleasure is by no means merely the simple one of recognition to which I referred last week; ROBERT DONAT as the vicar and KAY WALSH as his wife suggest a certain depth in their characters, there are many well-done small parts, and the Eastman Colour photography (DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE) provides a good deal of pleasure for the eye.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: CHAPLIN's *Modern Times* is still full of laughs after eighteen years (it was the last of the old CHARLIE: sociology was beginning to rear its pretentious head too high). *Romeo and Juliet* (6/10/54) and *On the Waterfront* (22/9/54) are still available.

Top release: *The Purple Plain* (29/9/54). The others are not in the same street, but *Suddenly* is a good suspense piece, *Gog* an entertaining bit of science-fiction, and *Men of the Fighting Lady* a good though conventional war picture about carrier-based flying.

RICHARD MAILETT

ON THE AIR

Rags to Riches, Riches to Rags

THERE was very little ozone in the televised bits and pieces of the Conservative Party conference from Blackpool. Night after night I switched on hopefully and dutifully, expecting—somewhat irrationally, no doubt—to find the delegates themselves far more interesting than the Press reports of their speeches. But I was disappointed. Not until Saturday, when Sir Winston's cherubic presence and oratorical mastery loomed large in sound and vision, were these programmes any more entertaining than the everlasting airport celebrity hobnobbing of "News and Newsreel."

I am beginning to understand why the Conservatives have decided to enlist the services of TV stars in their election campaign. It is not merely that the public likes to lavish its hero-worship on the shadowy regulars of the domestic screen; there is also the odd fact that politics seem to have run out of steam. At the moment—let's face it—they are a bit of a bore.

There are many possible explanations. Current apathy may be the natural reaction to years of political excitement, of cold war and social struggle; it may be an attitude of mind promoted by the broad overlapping of "rival" policies, or by the scarcity of colourful politicians. The Conservatives are now consolidating all along the line, and consolidation, though it is an essential stage in social and economic progress, is never as spectacular as revolt or revolution.

Televised politics will remain dull while the country enjoys its boom and



[Tory Party Conference]

Miss Florence Horsbrugh, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Christopher Soames, Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Woolton, Mr. R. A. Butler.

until we are once again faced with the hazards of a leap in the dark. So we must make allowances, and reserve judgment on this important experiment.

Harold Lander's ballet *Etudes*, which has had much success in Paris, made a sparkling programme on television. This French novelty has no real story, and the music, though pleasant, lacks the virtue of being memorable, but the dances are delightful, classical (and therefore highly evocative) and energetic. The action is non-stop, in the style of a Russian jam session. Dancers leap into the arena, tear through their party-piece, and then hand on the torch to the next batch of enthusiasts.

Etudes was adapted and produced for TV by Charles R. Rogers, who very wisely, in my view, gave viewers a comfortable seat in the dress-circle. The cameras were used without fuss: there were no disturbing ascents to the "gods"

in search of pretty terpsichorean patterns, and I was never conscious of zooming-in (television's own brand of gate-crashing) on dancers who quite obviously needed plenty of elbow-room to exhibit their amazing gymnastic skill and *joie de vivre*. Micheline Bardin and Michel Renault were superb, and so too was the exceptionally large team of male grasshoppers.

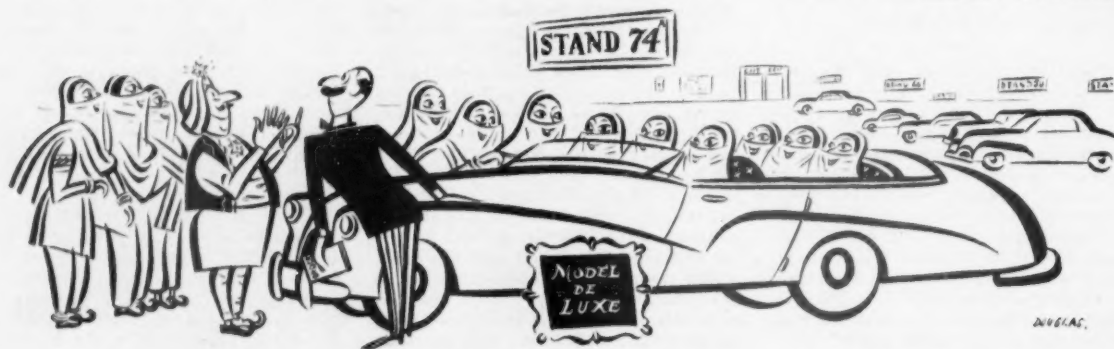
And what of *Rebecca*, the TV version of the film, from the play, from the novel of the same name? This astounding lump of melodrama has so many loose ends and improbabilities that to play any part with genuine conviction would seem a hopeless proposition. It is adolescent nonsense stuffed with the conventional characters of cheap

fiction—the evil, wanton, Rebecca; the handsome, stiff-upper-lipped betrayed and martyred master of Manderley; the ghoulish housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers; the tipplers, policemen, servants and dolts, and the sweet, innocent, long-suffering lonely and lovelorn governess.

There is hardly a cliché in the entire play that rings true, and there is no suggestion that any of the characters ever do more than snoop, sneer, soak and simper under the oppressive burden of the great mansion and its ghosts.

And yet, with all its faults, *Rebecca* proved tolerably entertaining. At times the control knob of my receiver set my fingers itching to apply the *coup de grâce*, but no, I stayed to grin and bear it. And I can only suppose that millions did likewise. If so, they should applaud the performances of Sonia Dresdel, Patricia Laffan, Jeanette Sterke, William Squire and Olaf Pooley.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

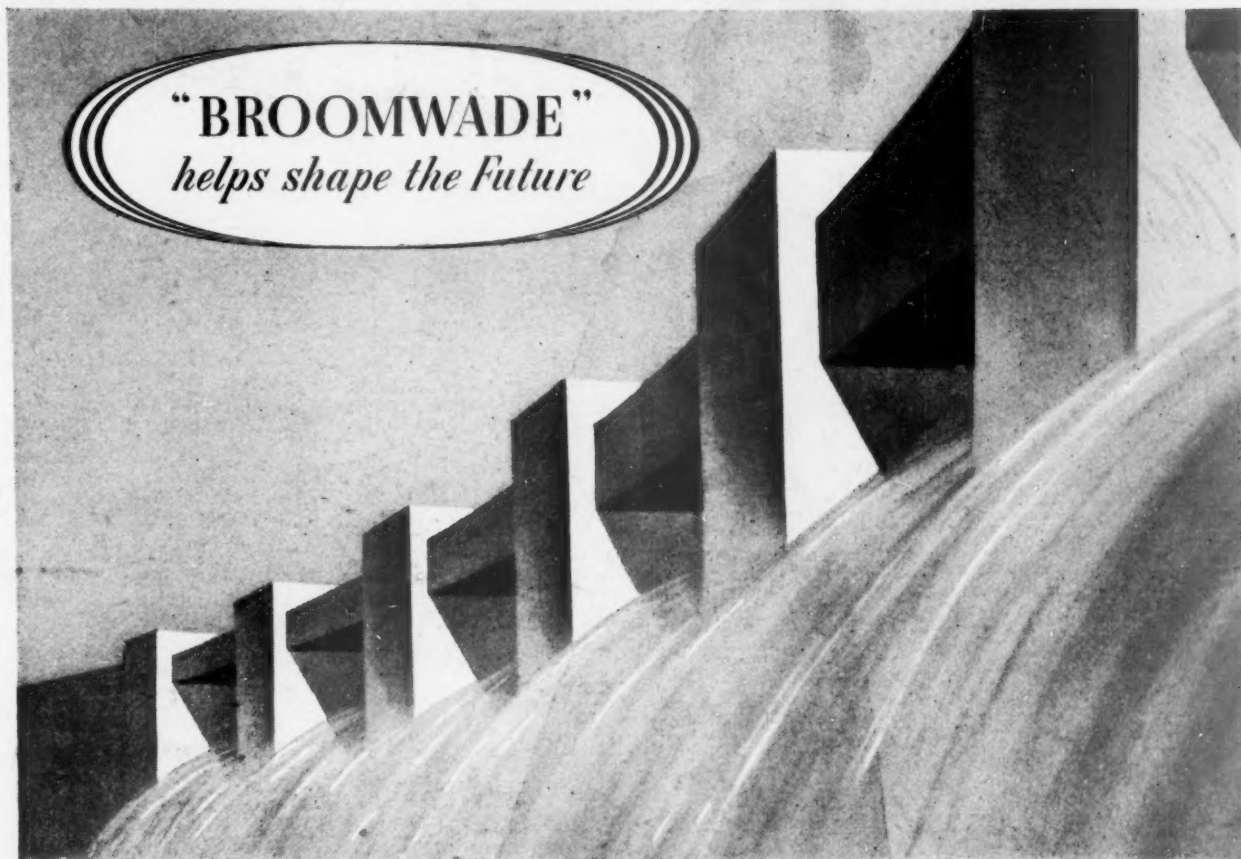


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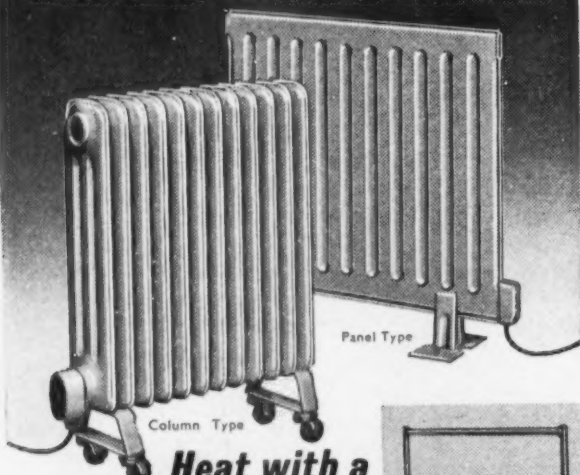
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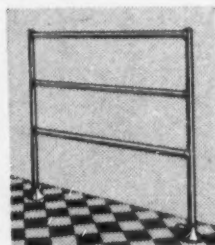
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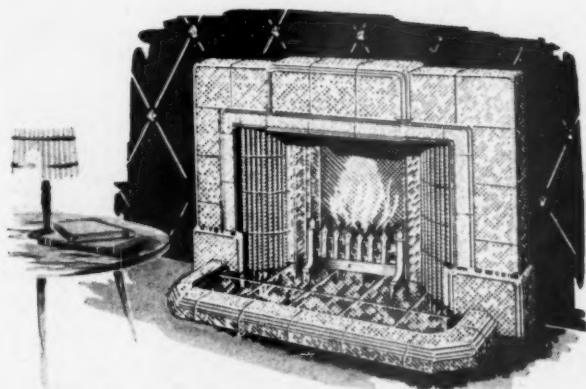
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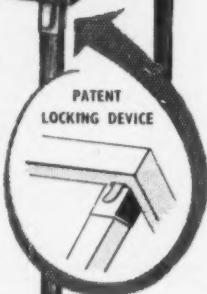


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But what happens now? Theoretically, one puts the toast under the grill or in the toaster and gets on with the tea or eggs. *Actually*, as we all know, by the time the eggs are done, the toast is overdone, and when the tea is made, the next lot of toast is also burnt.

The *real* tragedy is burning the Hovis toast . . . wasting all that good wheatgerm. For there is simply *nothing* more delicious than a couple of pieces of hot buttered Hovis toast—especially if the crusts have been cut off first. "Buttud toce", as Kipps said, "toce all buttery!"



Power graced by elegance

The new Swallow DORETTI is a sports car de luxe styled on the classical Italian lines and providing the utmost in comfort and elegance. The 90 brake horse power 2 litre engine gives an exceptionally high performance coupled with outstanding economy.

The car is fitted with a tubular chassis of special design to ensure the maximum stability while aluminium is incorporated in the bodywork to add lightness.

In the Swallow DORETTI the sporting motorist will find a car that will give him sustained power and performance for competition work, smooth comfortable driving for fast touring, plus the highest grade exterior and interior finish, including first quality hide upholstery, thick carpeting and leather covered sponge rubber moulding.

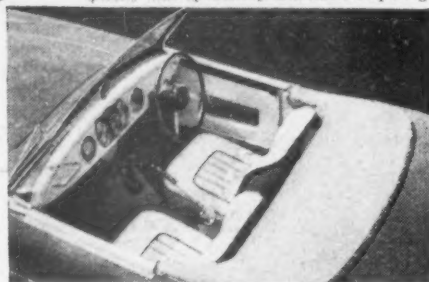
Swallow Doretti

**EARLS COURT
STAND 134**

Britain's new luxury sports car



The interior of the car is luxuriously fitted with leather covered sponge rubber moulding, first quality hide upholstery and thick carpeting.



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I have used these Veldtschoen during shooting trips in many parts of the world, in addition to nine winters in England. They show little sign of their rough and heavy wear."

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GUARANTEED WATERPROOF*

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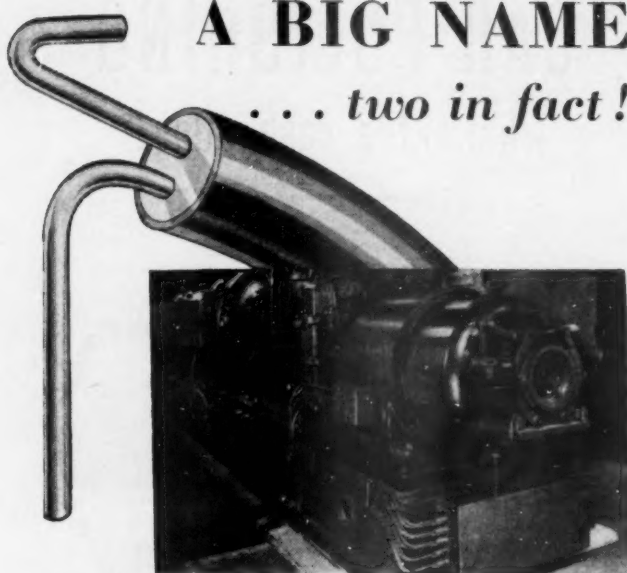
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M-W.63

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A non-technical description of 'Pyrotanax' is given in our booklet "Current Carrying." For the technical man "Technical Data" is available—write for your copy.

current events..

The use of the trade name 'Pyrotanax' is exclusive to the products of this Company and its associates

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and now the 405



A Brilliant New Bristol

Sophisticated, elegant and very fast, the new Type 405 is a superb blend of advanced scientific engineering practice and the traditional craft of the coach-maker. A town carriage, it will nevertheless carry four people in superlative comfort over great distances at sustained high speeds.

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CAR POLISHING

What's the cash value?



What price would a potential buyer put on your car? How far would its appearance influence him? More than you would expect. Even a mechanical genius thinks twice when he spots a sound engine surrounded by neglected body-work. For non-geniuses, looks may mean all. So every clean-and-polish you give your car is an investment. How sound an investment depends on the methods you use.

Today, there are two outstandingly successful but radically different methods of car polishing to choose from. Here, set out fairly and squarely, are the arguments in favour of each.

1. The longest-lasting polish

If you are a perfectionist there are no two ways about it. *Simoniz* wax is the polish for you. Only *Simoniz* can protect a car's surface with that unmistakable richly gleaming coat of hard wax which outlasts other forms of protection. The reason why a *Simoniz* finish lasts longest is its extra depth. The blend of hard waxes in the *Simoniz* formula gives the bodywork effective protection which 'seals' it against rain, rust, humid air, and the other causes of hidden corrosion. For months afterwards a quick wash-and-wipe is all that's needed to bring up a superb 'Exhibition model' shine. At 5/- a large tin this makes 'Simonizing' the most economical, as well as the best method of polishing a car. And, of course, there is *Bodyglaze* for those who want 'a self-polishing' liquid wax.



doubt—*Bodysheen* is the best of the new 'combined operation' polishes. It cleans and polishes in one go. Only when there's hard grime and mud need you wash down first. Usually you just spread *Bodysheen* on. Then wipe off—that's all. It's marvellous what happens! The sleek glistening beauty—the shining brilliance of finish—surpasses that of any other quick polish. *Bodysheen* is the quickest quick-polish of all.

Simoniz research and long experience have combined modern scientific discoveries in a new way to produce a quick polish that cannot harm your car's finish. With *Bodysheen* there is no difficulty in re-spraying or re-touching the original finish. *Bodysheen* will not produce an 'oily rainbow' appearance even after repeated applications. *Bodysheen* is the best and most protective quick polish yet available and it is backed by the *Simoniz* reputation. ASK YOUR GARAGE FOR BODYSHEEN.

Well—now you have read the facts, which view do you support? Would you rather use the finest and longest lasting car polish in the world or the quickest and most protective of the new quick cleaner-polishes on sale today? *Simoniz* offer you both. Each perfect in its own way. Each ready to play a vital part in keeping up your car's market value.



2. The quickest quick-polish

But some people are in a hurry. They want speed—quick results. That is why they get so enthusiastic about a new quick polish. And—without a

Simoniz (England) Limited

WILMOT BREEDEN

STAND 330 AVENUE E

at the Motor Show Earls Court

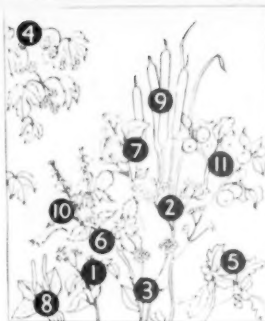
A. GAMES

SHELLGUIDE to OCTOBER lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



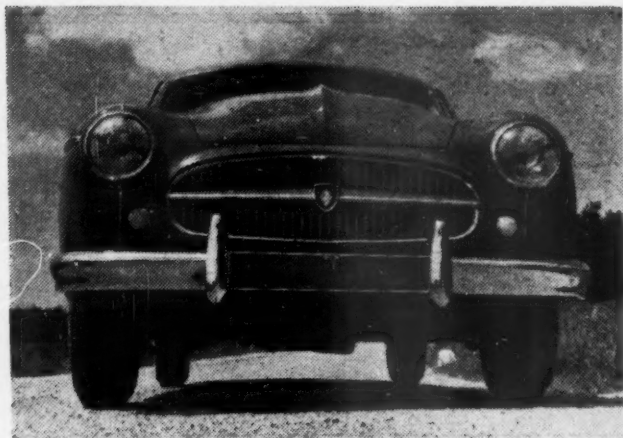
LAST to blossom in the year (1) *Ivy* attracts bees, wasps and flies in the October sun. Look on heavy soils for (2) *Sneezewort* with larger, fewer flowers than its familiar cousin Yarrow, and for (3) *Devil's Bit*, which has roots bitten short and blunt by the Devil, jealous of its virtue. *Wild Hops* (4) go dry on the hedges. (5) *Acorns* turn brown; nuts fall from the (6) *Hazels*, known in many counties as *Filberts* — i.e. filberts, from St Philibert of *Jumièges* in Normandy, who died in 684. Hooked burs of the (7) *Burdock* catch at clothes for their distribution. Stems and leaves of (8) *Greater Plantain* are tough and coarse in the grass. Seeds of this plant went accidentally to America in the 17th century, the Indians calling it *English Man's Foot*, as though produced by their treading. *Reedmace* (9) mistakenly called *Bulrush* stands velvety in the pond; and (10) *Mugwort*, leaves green above, silver below, looks dusty along the roads, a magic plant from Europe to China, and one often carved on church bosses in the Middle Ages. The pretty but sour-tasting (11) *Crab-apple*, called *Scrab* or *Scroggs* in the North, makes unexpectedly sweet jelly.



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sure of

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TO THE
COUNTRYSIDE





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WITH INCREASED ENGINE PERFORMANCE

COMFORT Definitely a Six-Seater, with arm rests—heater—air conditioner—windscreen washer—small turning circle.

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SPEED Engine improvements, including increased compression ratio, give 85 m.p.h. with the same low petrol consumption.

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AT THE MOTOR SHOW
STAND No. 130



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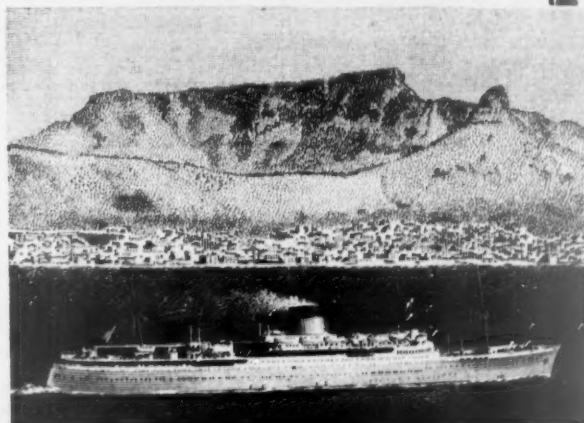
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These reductions apply to outward voyages from Southampton by Mailship during April, May and June 1955; with option of return in August, September or October. Specimen return fares to Cape Town
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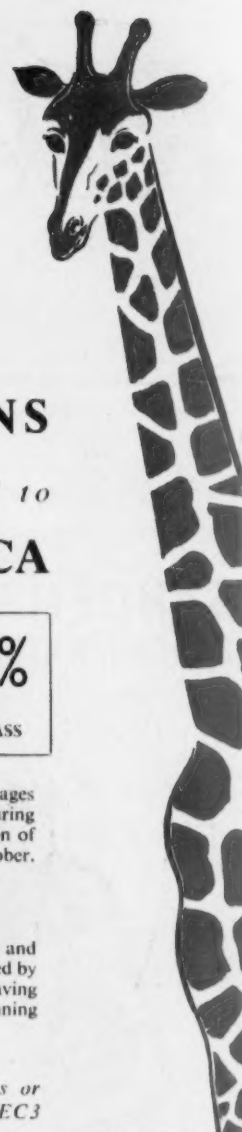
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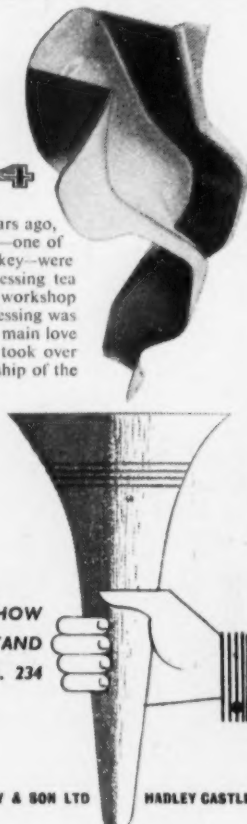
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One hundred years ago, two workmen—one of them Joseph Sankey—were engaged in pressing tea trays in a small workshop in Bilston. Pressing was always Sankey's main love and, when he took over the leadership of the



1954

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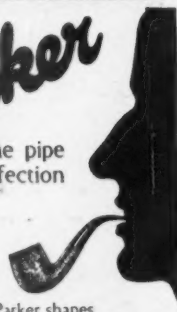
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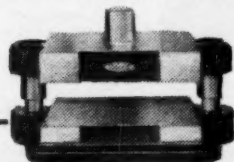
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which means attaining the rank and dignity of a centenarian without being carried off or run over and the ingrained habit of looking both ways before crossing over the road to the "Bull's Head" and both ways, twice, before crossing back. Longevity for Press Tools is simply a matter of using EXACTA Die Sets . . .

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Introduces
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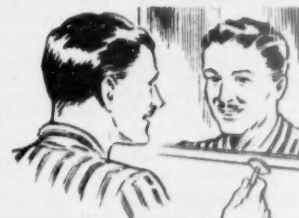
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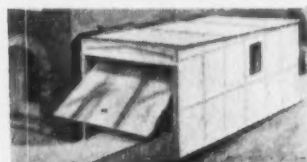


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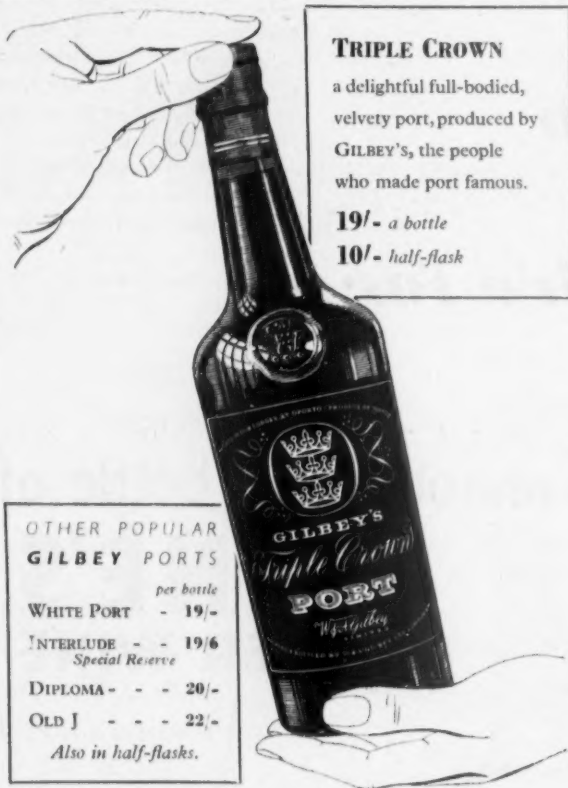
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YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

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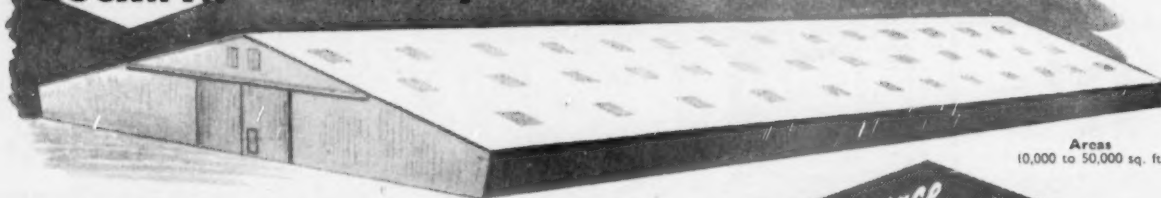
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Continuous Performance

'EVERYTHING FLOWS, NOTHING IS STILL' said the Greek sage Heracleitus 2,500 years ago—but he might have been speaking of an I.C.I. chemical plant today. One of the main lines along which chemical manufacturing is developing is in the introduction of continuous processes to replace production in batches. This line of development is also being followed, of course, in other, more familiar fields. Just as the smooth surge of power from the jet engine is replacing the supply of little 'packets' of energy by the piston engine, so in modern chemical plants the continuous transformation of raw materials into finished products is replacing the batch by batch methods of yesterday. In these developments, I.C.I. is playing a pioneering part.

There are still certain products where so many different varieties of material have to be specially made that 'batch' production is unavoidable, but, whenever

possible, I.C.I. has introduced continuous processing, and most new plants—such as those now operating or under construction on the great new site at Wilton, in North Yorkshire—are designed to operate 60 minutes in every hour, night and day. One outstanding example is the new Wilton plant for making an important synthetic resin for the plastics industry. This resin used to be made in a series of stages; today, the finished product emerges on a conveyor belt in a continuous stream. A process of this type places heavy demands upon the designers of special instruments and automatic controls, because these devices are the very crux of the operation.

But the skill and experience of I.C.I.'s engineers and instrument experts has been equal to all eventualities, and the latest I.C.I. plants set new standards for efficiency in production.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited





Jarred beyond belief

How MANY self-winding watches would stand up to excessive vibration? Few, indeed! For one such watch to pass unscathed through a month's shock-treatment on the wrist of a riveter operating a pneumatic hammer is an unparalleled event in horology.

Such a test has just been passed with honours by a Tudor Oyster Prince—the new self-winding watch, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva.

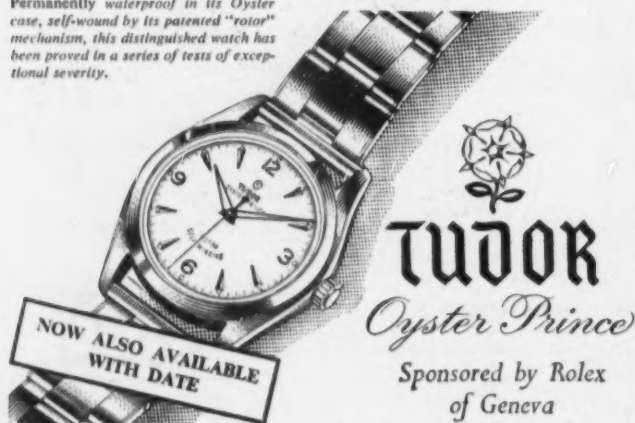
The riveter himself, who never once removed it from his wrist or reset the hands during the whole trial (wearing it as he punched home rivets into steel girders, washing, bathing, sleeping with it on) could not believe that any

watch could take such a beating and go on ticking. The Oyster Prince did more—it kept perfect time.

Rolex knew that it would. For the Tudor Oyster Prince is automatically wound, for its own greater accuracy, by a Rolex-patented "rotor" mechanism with flexible suspension to keep it impervious to even the most shattering vibrations. The Tudor Oyster Prince is also protected from even the finest metallic dust by the famous waterproof Oyster case.

You yourself can own one of these remarkable Tudor Oyster Princes, for this supremely accurate self-winding watch is by no means expensive. Ask your Rolex jeweller to show it to you, in stainless steel, with its matching expanding bracelet.

Amazing accuracy under seemingly impossible conditions—that is the characteristic of the Tudor Oyster Prince. Permanently waterproof in its Oyster case, self-wound by its patented "rotor" mechanism, this distinguished watch has been proved in a series of tests of exceptional severity.



NOW ALSO AVAILABLE
WITH DATE

TUDOR
Oyster Prince

Sponsored by Rolex
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(with Van Heusen collars & cuffs)

Vantella shirts last for years—and in all that time their VAN HEUSEN collars and cuffs lose none of their smartness. Vantella shirts won't shrink. They're cut in coat style, with a very roomy fit. And they cost only 49 -



English-made shirt by

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Pattern card available from: A/M, COTELLA, 1 LONG LANE, SEI



He's cleaning his teeth

Or rather, he has safely left the job of oxygen-cleaning his dentures to "Steradent," while he does his daily dozen.

Like all fastidious wearers of dentures, he knows the importance of cleaning them thoroughly with something made for the purpose.

He knows that the kindest way to clean dentures properly is to steep them every day for 20 minutes in half a tumbler of water which

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QUIZ

FOR BUSINESSMEN WITH LOW E.Q.s* IN THEIR OFFICES

*Efficiency quotients

THESE questions are intended for executives who believe in "productivity." Productivity as it applies not only to lathes, conveyors, punch-presses and the like, but also to *desks*. On these it is just as important to have the right machine tools.

- ① When you plaintively ask your office for statistics—sales-analysis figures, perhaps—does your accountant (1) ask for extra staff to help him get them? (2) ask you to wait until the end of the year? (3) smile pityingly?

Hint 1: Getting statistical information as a daily by-product of routine figure work is perfectly simple if your staff use machines that allow the widest utilization of original records. (Try using Burroughs Duplex Calculators for analysis.)

- ② When your office tackles the monthly load of statements, does it mean (1) a lot of (rather discontented) overtime work? (2) that all other office work comes to a dead stop? (3) that some customers seem to be getting your goods free?

Hint 2: One way of flattening out "peaks" in office work is by completing the statements during the month as a by-product of posting the ledger. A Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machine makes this a fast and simple operation.

- ③ If you're still consigning all the facts and figures on your business to paper, which of the following results will worry you most? (1) An astronomical bill for stationery. (2) The collapse of the man who has to remember on what system the records have been filed. (3) The loss of whole rooms to filing cabinets, transfer boxes, and bulky ledgers.

Hint 3: The Microfilming Equipment Burroughs offer cuts document-storage space by over 99%, can present any document for reference within 60 seconds.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

If any of the suggested answers to the questions above are roughly representative of your experience, it's quite time you called in Burroughs. Burroughs (as we tried to hint) can supply a much better, quicker answer to the whole problem of office-management.

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Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-20, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1. and published by them weekly, with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue, at 10, Beeverie Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, October 20, 1954.